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SEPTEMBER 14, 1973

NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

THE UNMENTIONABLE USES OF A CIA

Dirty Tricks and All (I)

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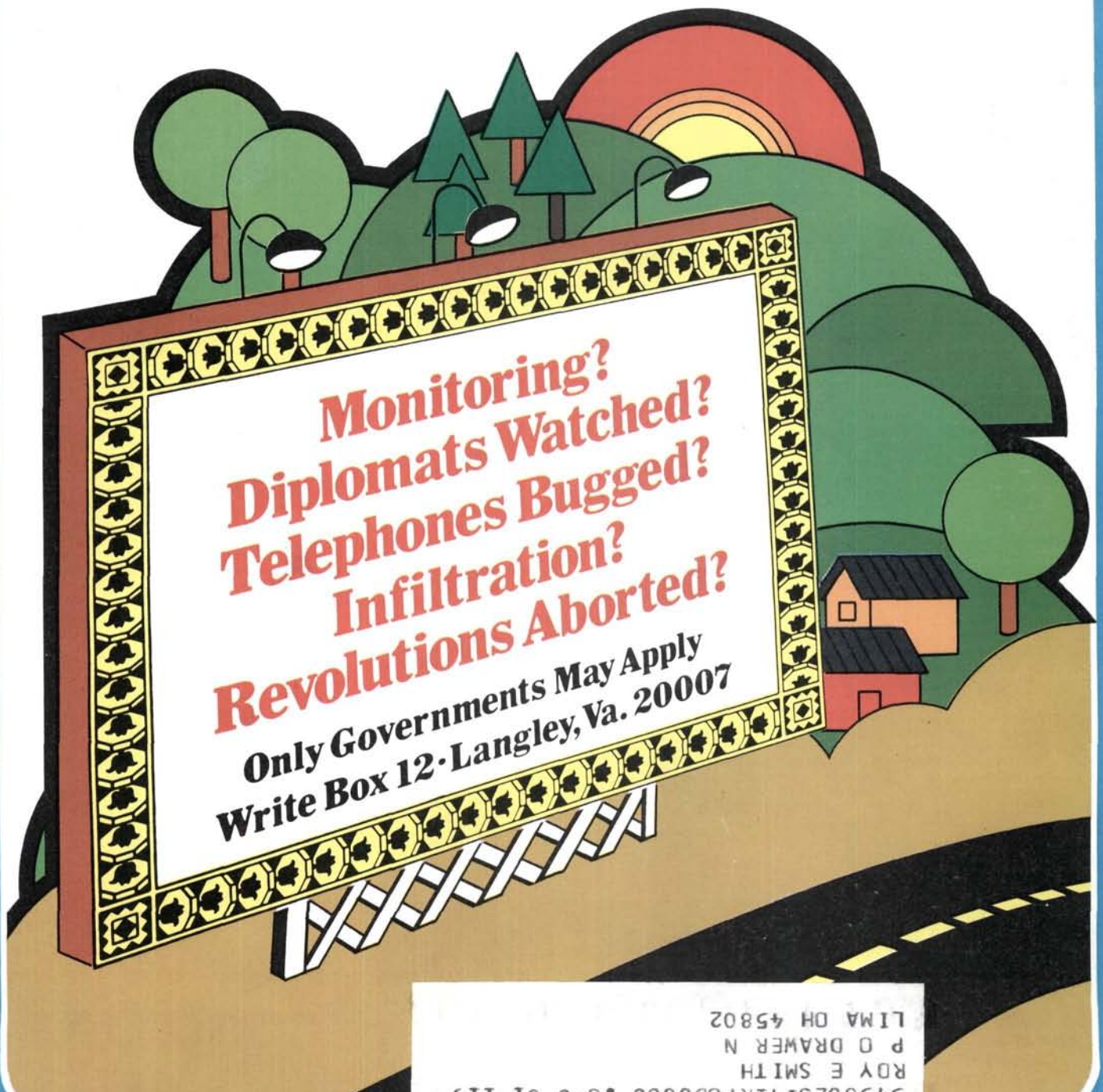

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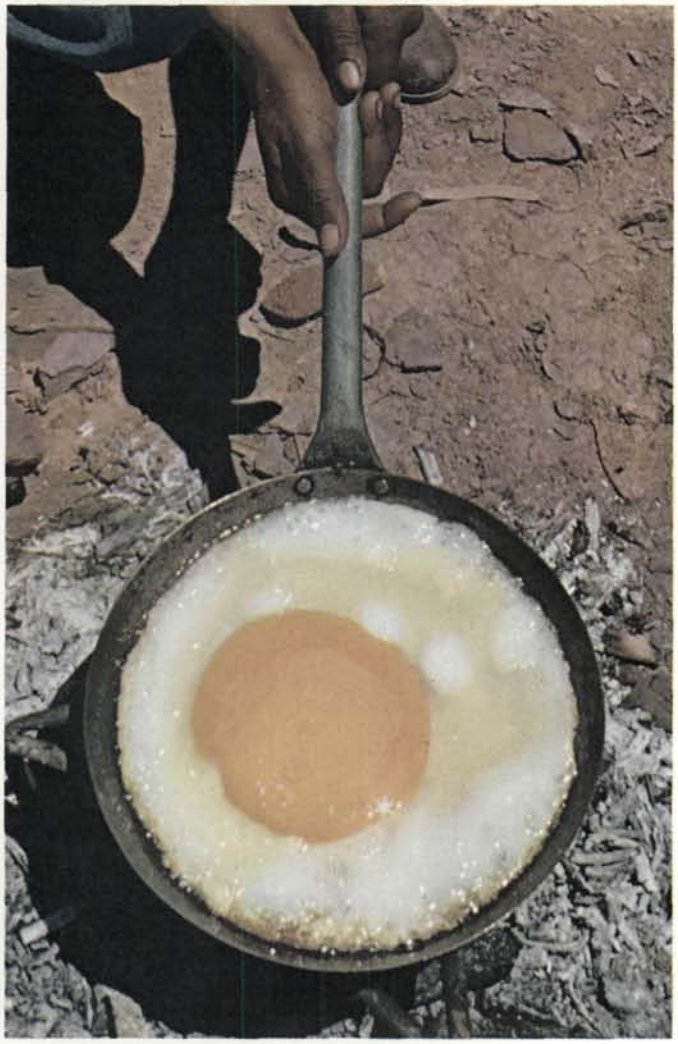

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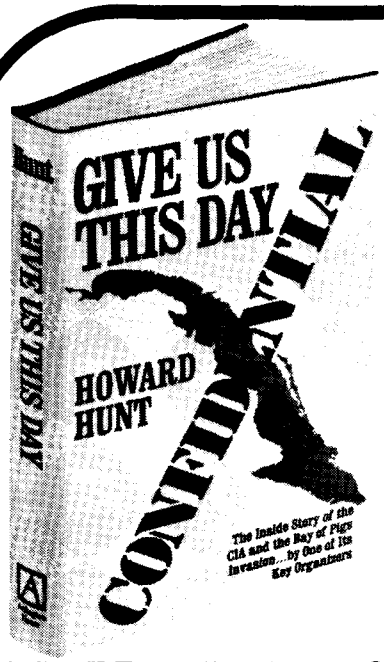
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MR. HUNT: Yes.

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—*James Reston, New York Times*

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IN THIS ISSUE . . .

. . . *NR* comes forward with an absolute sensation: We take you behind the scenes at CIA, including a visit to "Mother," the man in charge of Miscellaneous Projects, one of which is OCTOPUS, a huge computer which builds profiles of you, me, and George Habash. "Mother's" office is the central bank of information on the world's terrorist movements, which, in the opinion of CIA, are shaping up as the most formidable enemy the U.S. has ever had. And, oh yes, the tentative conclusion at CIA is that there *was* Communist penetration of George McGovern's staff. And while you're saying ho-hum to that one, the White House wanted to spike the Dems' lemonade with LSD. My God, you say. Well, you haven't heard anything yet. The indications are that James McCord led Hunt and Liddy into a trap at the Watergate. **Miles Copeland**, a CIA Old Boy, author of *The Game of Nations*, and of a forthcoming book on the CIA, conducts this particular guided tour. . . . While you're thinking that one over, don't neglect **Shelby Tucker**, who went to the Tenth World Youth Festival in Berlin, a monster Communist jamboree of 750,000 (at least) slogan-chanting anti-imperialist youth from everywhere, some of whom were 61 years old. The shirts were blue, this year, but those who remember the old *March of Time* films will have the inescapable feeling of having been there before. . . . In *Catch the Falling Flag*, **Richard Whalen** memorably zapped Haldeman, Ehrlichman, and Nixon, but never made the Enemies List. This week, he doesn't have Haldeman and Ehrlichman to kick around any more, but he's back for another try, and here he zaps Kissinger and Nixon. You can't keep a good man down. . . . **Keith Mano** has gone to see *The Women's Representative*, a bit of Mao Drama that might be described as Peking Gloria Steinem. Wang Chiang would be the perfect role for Marlon Brando. Mano's latest novel, *The Bridge*, is receiving excellent reviews. He's working on an article on softball for *Sports Illustrated*. His seventh novel is well under way and will be nine hundred pages long; move over, Tolstoi. . . . And **Christopher Manion**, Dean Clarence's son, writes about the YAF convention.

—JH

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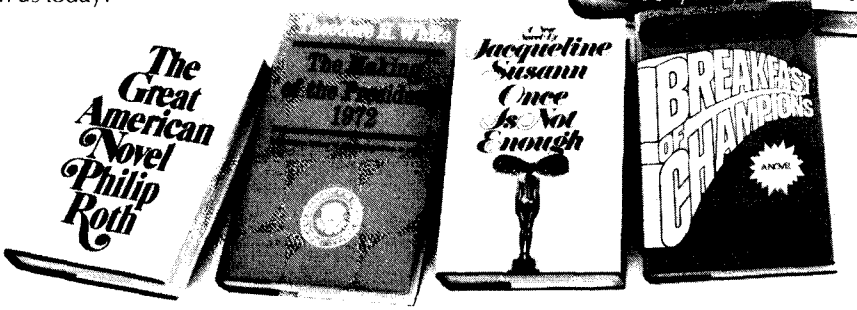
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Letters

O Tempora, O Mores

Gary North ["Pornography, Community, Law," Aug. 31] demonstrates, to the entire satisfaction of any consenting adult, that "the community through the law seeks to define the proper limits of human expression," in so doing defining itself and protecting the family (and, I'd add, fattening the wallets of pornographers: Did you ever notice how Henry Miller became passé as soon as you could buy his stuff at the A&P?). And smack on the cover of the same issue we find Picasso's *Guernica*, in which I detect several female br--sts, people in suspicious postures, a bull (zoophilia?), a screaming horse (zoophilia plus sadomasochism), and enough phallic symbols to keep the Mattachine Society quivering for weeks. All I can say is, some community gonna define the bejeezus out of you people.

New York, N.Y. PETER RUGG

Correction . . .

Alan Reynolds ["The High Cost of Health," July 20] cites a piece I wrote about profit-making hospitals in the December 1972 *Harper's*: "Even Rapoport's own sketchy evidence shows a group of proprietary hospitals charging a merciful $15 a day less than their nonprofit counterparts."

Mr. Reynolds unfortunately has it backward. What I did say was this: "[A] study of two hundred Southern California community hospitals shows the average nonprofit charging $112.96 per day and offering 13.1 services while the proprietaries average $128.05 per day and provide 8.9 services." Thus it is the nonprofits that are charging a merciful $15 a day less than their proprietary counterparts.

El Cerrito, Calif. ROGER RAPOPORT

. . . Reply

I apologize for the error, and promise not to rely again on the same heretofore reliable sources (my notes, fingers, and memory).

The question now is which data are correct: Are proprietary hospitals more or less expensive than comparable tax-exempt hospitals? In addition to the estimates in my article, there is ample evidence that proprietary hospitals are more cost-conscious and productive than nonproprietary hospitals (K. Clarkson, *Journal of Law & Economics*, October 1972). We also know that proprietary hospitals are typically smaller than government or voluntary hospitals, and that this is the most economical arrangement: Hospitals with fewer than 25 beds charged $54.53 a day in 1970, while those with five hundred or more beds charged $95.21. The proprietary hospitals actually offer *more* services than nonproprietary hospitals of comparable size (Steinwald, *Law & Contemporary Problems*, Autumn 1970). Rapoport's study not only fails to adjust for size, it also lists teaching programs as among patient services.

I suspect that the cost discrepancy in Mr. Rapoport's undisclosed source is likewise due to something noncomparable about the things being compared—probably the inclusion of luxury convalescent facilities among proprietary hospitals. Dr. Bill Banowsky reports on three West Los Angeles hospitals that offer comparable services, and are even staffed by many of the same doctors: "In the government hospital a bed costs $88; in the nonprofit facility a bed costs $92; and in the profit-making hospital the same bed and service is $76. A minor operating room in the profit-making . . . hospital costs $80 per hour. In the nonprofit hospital it is $105 per hour. While in [the government-supported teaching] hospital it costs $99 per hour."

If Mr. Rapoport had made the remark that I wrongly attributed to him, he would have been closer to the truth.

New York, N.Y. ALAN REYNOLDS

Questions and Answers

David N. Rowe's commentary ["The End of Lin Piao—Another Version," Aug. 3] fascinated and enlightened me. Of course I know that he is an Old China Hand, was China-born, keeps a close and knowing eye on events in the country of his birth, and is a professor at Yale (though I'm not sure how the latter affiliation bears on the matter between us). What I did not know is that Mr. Rowe is also Inspector Maigret, Inspector Dupin, Mr. Moto, and Charlie Chan all in one.

Mr. Rowe's main criticism of my analysis of the Lin Piao affair is that I raised more questions than I answered. →

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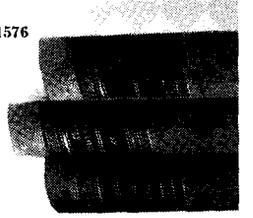

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Centrifugal, gear, vane, piston and screw-type pump components made of Kennametal and Kentanium are being used successfully where the low lubricity and excessive corrosion of liquid metal (NaK) are encountered. Kennametal and Kentanium bearings, valves, rotors, and pump bodies are used in hydraulic systems where temperatures run up to 1500°F. In one case, after 2000 hours of continuous operation the bearings and thrust runners were reported in perfect working condition. Because of this performance, similar parts were adopted for larger pumps capable of handling sodium and NaK at 4000 gpm at 1500°F and 250 psi at the pump head.

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My answer—and it springs from admiration—is that his hypotheses provide more answers than he has questions for. Be that as it may, I am delighted he has come up with several most plausible theories.

I did not try to evolve an air-tight hypothesis that would account for Lin's disappearance into a Celestial void—the *how*, that is to say, with the *why*. My interest at that stage was to suggest there was more to the political situation in Mao's China than President Nixon and Mr. Kissinger had suggested.

That the Trident jet was two hours in the air en route toward Irkutsk, when an hour should have sufficed, did not escape my notice. (My service in the Air Force instructed me in the discrepancy, even if I was not born in China.) I let the discrepancy pass because 1) the source was an Outer Mongolian press dispatch that could have been garbled in transmission and 2) the distance of six hundred miles at that latitude could have accounted for an hour's difference by the sun that the Outer Mongolians did not bother to reconcile. Nor was I unaware of the proximity of the Siberian air fields. And even less of the concentration of the Chinese air defense forces along this route.

I must say that it never occurred to me that Mao and Chou would have the imagination to put a dead man on that plane. On the other hand, it does not seem to have occurred to Professor Rowe that Lin may still be alive. The Chinese favor that solution, too, for their political problems.

The Young Marshal, Chang Hseuh-liang, the man who sprang the trap on Chiang Kai-shek at Sian in 1936, is still alive on Taiwan, well but no more influential than Alger Hiss. But for the Young Marshal's treachery, we might never have heard, at least in the context of China, of Theodore H. White, Joe Stilwell, Barbara Tuchman, John Paton Davies, John Service—or even Mao himself and Chou En-lai.

If Lin Piao is indeed alive, I would like to picture a scene some ten years from now—a goatskin tent on the Gobi desert; a resurrected Lin, a resurrected Chang, and a reflective Kissinger sitting cross-legged around a fire of camel's dung; a kettle of bitter tea brewing over the embers; and good talk passing back and forth on the subject of the strategy of Communism and the gullibility of Americans. I'd like to be there, too, and I could imagine no greater pleasure than to be there with Professor Rowe, I with my plethora of questions, he with his plethora of answers.

Washington, D.C. CHARLES J. V. MURPHY

Free Will and Gazzaniga

Michael Gazzaniga's condensation of D. M. MacKay's 1967 Eddington Lecture ["Free Will and Religion," July 6] is a fine effort, but unfortunately it seems to fall into

(Continues on page 978)

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"You have ruined my Volaille"

How Dione Lucas (of Cordon Bleu fame) came to create the most remarkable knife in the world. A knife you can now own.

Not an inexpensive knife.

I am told by my friends who pride their cooking, that this is just that—a remarkable knife that brings a new celebration to cooking. Its balance is such, its blade so acute, that with a small flick, you can pare fat from the shank of meat.

That, some remember, is exactly how gourmet great, Dione Lucas, came to create this remarkable knife.

Her recipe for Supreme de Volaille called for carefully removing all the fat from the tender meat.

A trace of fat would cause the sauce supreme to spot. "You have ruined my Volaille," she said. For no knife satisfied her with its truth of edge.

It is completely within the bounds of safety to say that once you own the Dione Lucas Gourmet Knife, you may never again have to purchase a knife for your kitchen.

In fact, that is the way we guarantee these remarkable knives. Should you ever need a replacement for any reason, simply return the knife, and a new knife will be sent to you, at no cost to you.

How can such confidence be placed in what would appear to be a simple knife?

A most special steel of molybdenum mix is used in the *manufacture of the blade. This blade keeps its edge for life* with simple honing.

Then there is the balance I spoke of. When you lift the knife, you will note it is lighter than an ordinary knife. This is because the knife is so perfectly balanced, that it does not need added weight to help it cut! This balance, in your hand, makes possible an accuracy of cut you have never before known. A certainty of cut quite unique in any cooking experience you may have had.

I make no pretense of low price for this knife. It is not, by any means, the world's most inexpensive knife set. Yet when you consider it as a lifetime investment, its value takes real meaning.

A set of 4 of these knives is $14.98.

Were it to be sold for less, the very qualities that make this knife so supreme, would have to be lessened.

And these knives have been subjected to extreme tests to assure their quality.

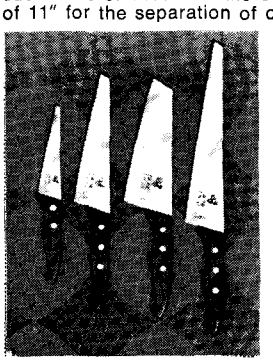
A one pound ball has been dropped on this from 6 feet to test the strength of the Rosewood handle.

A weight of 20 pounds was suspended on the blade to test its tensile strength.

A ham bone was used in extensive tests to determine the resistance of the blade to nicking.

In every case, the quality of this remarkable Dione Lucas knife stood firm.

There are four knives in the set. One of 8½" for vegetable paring. One of 11½" for the wafer thin slicing of bread and such. One of 14¼" for the carving of roasts. And a cleaver of 11" for the separation of chickens and such.



Because this is such a unique ownership, I am including with each set of these knives, four recipes of Cordon Bleu teacher, Dione Lucas, where the use of her knives is quite critical to the outcome of the recipe. (Including her recipe for Supreme de Volaille.)

Remember the truly unique guarantee: **You will never again need to purchase another kitchen knife once you own these.** Should you not be pleased when you see these knives, send them back and we will refund your money.

Save $5.00, regular price $19.98 . . . now $14.98.

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Please send me_____sets of original Dione Lucas Gourmet Knives for only $14.98 plus $1.00 for postage and handling for each set of four. I understand I have a complete money-back guarantee if I am not delighted.

(New York State residents, add appropriate sales tax, please.)

I enclose ☐ check for $_____ ☐ money order for $_____
or charge my ☐ Master Charge ☐ BankAmericard ☐ American Express

Card Number_____ Exp. Date_____

Interbank # (Master Charge only)_____

Signature_____

Name (print clearly)_____

Address_____ Apt. #_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Rep. **Morris Udall** (D., Ariz.), a shrewd politician just back from the hustings, says the polls will have to show the people 65 to 70 per cent in favor of impeachment before that sentiment is "reflected" in Congress. If **Nixon** goes, says Udall, it will be by resignation and under pressure from "the mainstream of the Republican Party." . . . **Barry Goldwater** liked Nixon's press conference and wishes he'd do it more often (like "possibly, once a week"). But he thinks the President should release "those portions of the White House tapes relating to the Watergate incident." . . . A late Harris shows that Republican Sen. **Howard Baker** now shades **Edward Kennedy** in the presidential preference poll (by one percentage point). An earlier Harris showed **Chuck Percy** also ahead of Kennedy, findings that have sent startled Democratic pols back to the '76 drawing boards. . . . **Chairman Sam** has made it with rock fans: He's on the cover of *Rolling Stone*, but he's less popular with his conservative constituents (many of them Nixon supporters) back home in North Carolina, which could hurt Ervin if he runs again.

■ With **Spiro Agnew** under attack, **Ronald Reagan**'s presidential prospects look even better. In an inflation-ridden, high-tax period, Reagan's tax rebate to California taxpayers looks very good. Californians will be getting back $721 million in tax rebates in '74 (a tax cut of between 20 and 35 per cent). . . . **Nelson Rockefeller** is up and running. He'll campaign for conservative Rep. **Charles Sandman** in the New Jersey gubernatorial race this fall, despite fact that Sandman knocked out liberal GOP incumbent **William Cahill**, a political buddy of Rockefeller's, in the primary.

Behrendt, *Het Parool*, Amsterdam — Ben Roth Agency

"The last bomb on Cambodia."

And that's just one of several political swings Rocky is planning in the next couple of months. . . . Col. **James Lindbergh**, an ex-POW, has announced for the Republican nomination for governor of New Mexico next year. . . . Secretary of Labor **Peter Brennan** and Sen. **James L. Buckley** in bad odor for opposing an increase in the federal minimum wage. **George Meany** has rescinded his invitation to Brennan to speak at the AFL-CIO convention in Bal Harbour, Fla. in October, ditto the invitation Buckley had received to speak to the New York State AFL-CIO convention in September.

■ In recent interview in British *Evening Standard*, Father (Mr.?) **Philip Berrigan** called Richard Nixon "that mediocre little neurotic," said the Oval Office of the White House was "the biggest center for organized crime in America." A few days later, **Mrs. Philip Berrigan** (lately Sister Elizabeth McAlister) and another still-nun, **Sister Judith Le Femina**, were charged with shoplifting (an electric power-saw, some sandpaper, a package of picture-frame hangers, from a Baltimore Sears Roebuck). . . . Radical Berkeley City Councilman **D'Army Bailey** was fired in a recall election and another Negro, moderate **William Rumford**, elected to fill out the final twenty months of his term. Bailey lost despite campaigning support from Georgia legislator **Julian Bond**, the Rev. **Jesse Jackson**, and the ubiquitous **Angela Davis**. . . . **Coretta King**, speaking on the tenth anniversary of Martin Luther King's "I Have a Dream" speech, pleased at progress made by Negroes in the last decade. The changes since that speech, she says, "are a proud part of our history, paid for with the heroism and dedication of countless thousands of blacks in one of the most magnificent movements for progress of this century."

■ France won't allow a **Danish film company** to shoot *The Love Life of Jesus Christ* in France because the project is "profane to millions of Christians in France and throughout the world." . . . Switzerland has, years later, agreed to extradite Francis Bodeman to Spain. Bodeman hijacked a plane with **Moise Tshombe** aboard in 1969, landed it in Algiers where Tshombe later died, under mysterious circumstances, in an Algerian jail. . . . Latest international figures to be named citizens of Uganda by Gen. **Idi Amin** are **Stokely Carmichael** and his wife, South African singer **Miriam Makeba**. . . . **Thomas Melady**, U.S. ambassador to Uganda, has resigned, and no replacement has been named (and is not likely to be so long as Gen. Amin continues to be unfriendly).

■ Bizarre note: Some of those **IRA bombs** that have been exploding in London were concealed in books—books dealing with Mahler or Beethoven.

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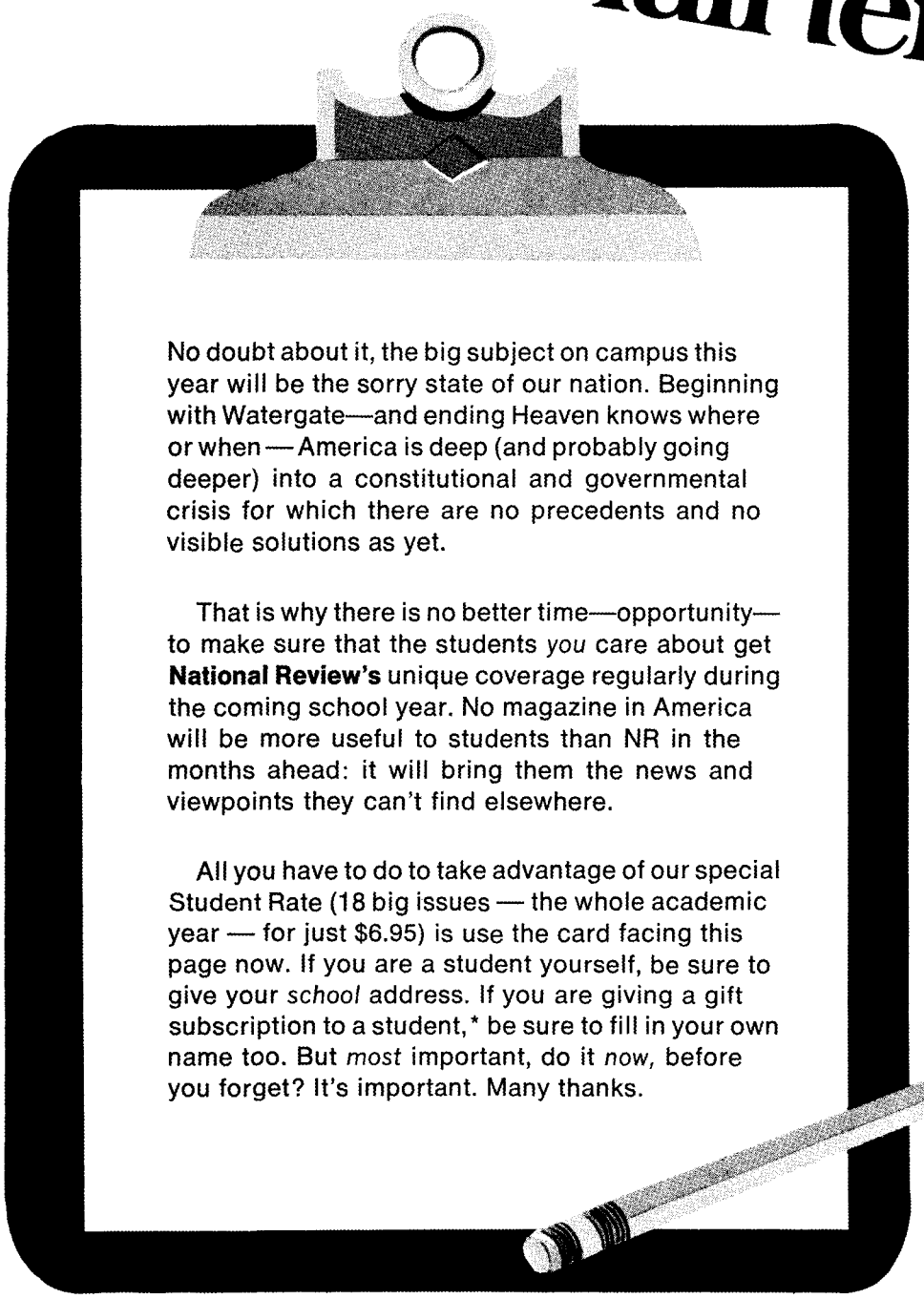
SIGN UP right here and now for the fall term!



No doubt about it, the big subject on campus this year will be the sorry state of our nation. Beginning with Watergate—and ending Heaven knows where or when—America is deep (and probably going deeper) into a constitutional and governmental crisis for which there are no precedents and no visible solutions as yet.

That is why there is no better time—opportunity—to make sure that the students *you* care about get **National Review's** unique coverage regularly during the coming school year. No magazine in America will be more useful to students than NR in the months ahead: it will bring them the news and viewpoints they can't find elsewhere.

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 974)

the category of "good try, but no cigar."

The determinist would dispose of the first case described (wherein the super-psychiatrist tells his subject what the subject will do) by saying, essentially: "Of course. My position is that every event has a cause, or causes, of a temporal-spatial kind, sufficient to explain its occurrence. All the predictor has done is to feed an additional cause into the hopper, thus producing a new situation. So what?"

The determinist would handle the second case (wherein the super-psychiatrist and predictor does *not* tell his subject what he has predicted) by replying: "I agree that in this case the subject's choice (that is, his *will to act*) was not influenced by the predictor; the subject is thus in a condition of 'free act.' However, the subject's *will to will to act* is still determined by all the factors of heredity, training, and environment which act on the subject. The subject thus does not have free will (the freedom to 'will to will'), and my position remains, untouched by any number of predictive failures."

In light of the above, it appears that the conclusive reply to determinism is still wanting.

Glendale, Calif. GEORGE W. COLVIN JR.

In his rhetorical question "Is there any scientific reason for us now to cast aside the idea of free will, which is surely the central dogma of Western civilization—of Christianity?," Mr. Gazzaniga ignores the concept of Fate and Necessity. Homer's Morai, Hesiod's Klotho (the Spinner), Lachesis (the Apportioner), and Atropos (the Inflexible), Vergil's Fata, submission to Natura in Stoicism, all of this is contrary to the concept of free will. The whole classical concept of hubris (insolence, overweening pride) being answered by nemesis (inexorable retribution) has nothing to do with free will, and one could observe that the belief in scientific determinism as a philosophy along with quantum mechanics and the atom is closely paralleled or anticipated by these early writers.

As for Christianity, would Origen and St. Augustine qualify as believers in and exponents of free will? John Calvin and the doctrine of predestination, Martin Luther in his treatise "The Bondage of the Will" (his reply to Erasmus' "The Freedom of the Will")—with these writers one can not draw the conclusion that free will is the central dogma of Christianity.

As a physicist Professor MacKay must be familiar with Werner Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle for Position and Momentum, which is: "It is impossible to know simultaneously and with exactness both the position and the momentum of a particle." Any standard physics text will give the formal equation and implications of the statement, which applies to the time and energy of a particle as well as position and momentum. If Professor MacKay has derived his Principle of Logical Indeterminancy from Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle, and determines the truth of his Principle by the behavior of particles, what, then, of free will? This is not only determinism, but neo-Gnosticism. *Extra scientiam, nulla salvatio.*

Fayetteville, Ark. SAMUEL O. DONELSON

Moses' "Appreciation"

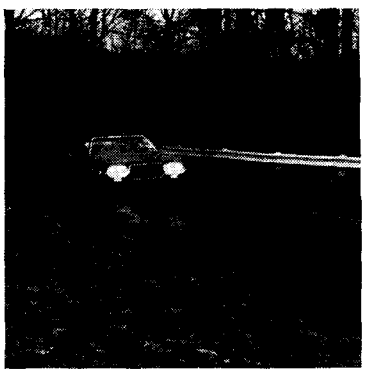
Commissioner Moses might have given Frederick Law Olmsted a more generous tip of broad-brimmed felt ["An Appreciation and an Appraisal," May 25].

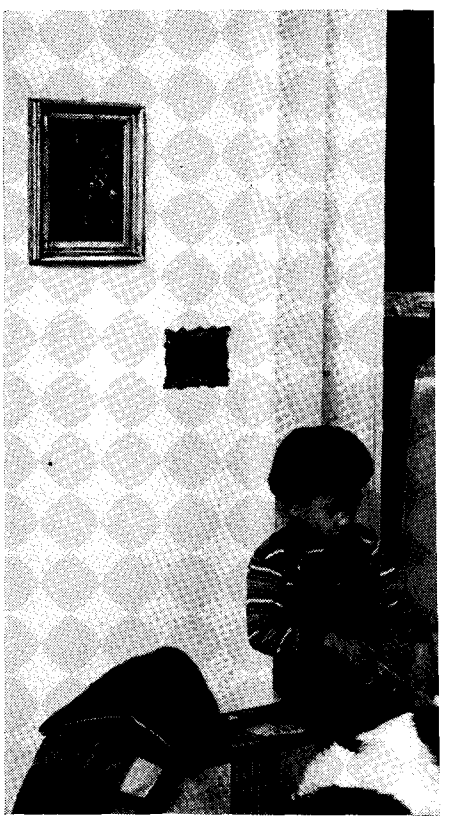
After all, Olmsted and his partner, Calvert Vaux, invented the word "parkway," and the thoroughfare which goes by that name. Brooklyn's Ocean Parkway and Eastern Parkway were the first, opened in 1876.

Just supposing that what we call parkways had, in the 1930s, been given the name of "concreteways." How many of them would the Commissioner have built?

HENRY HOPE REED

New York, N.Y. Curator, Central Park





Burnham and the Colonels

James Burnham has told it like it is in his excellent column about Greece and the Colonels ["The End of the Colonels?" June 22]. Those of us who were in Greece between 1964 and early 1967, and who spoke the language and read the newspapers, could easily sense a mood of civil war creeping up on the people, week by week. By March or April of 1967 I was asking workers, students, government employees, and others who was really running the country, and *no one* knew. Now the Greeks have had six years to show that, given some *real* freedom (from mobs, political strikes, and the like), they can work as energetically as any other country to produce the prosperity Mr. Burnham accurately describes. That the U.S. media chose to fight this, instead of describing it as one of the phenomena of our times, is another proof of its irresponsibility and prejudice whenever the "facts do not fit."

Athens N. C. CUMMINS

James Burnham's column "The End of the Colonels?" inspired me to express my enthusiasm not only for the complete accuracy of the author's report but also for the fine style of his English prose.

His observations are echoed by Greeks in New York City. In the apartment house in which I live there are half a dozen families born in Greece and one American family of Greek parentage. They all visit Greece every summer and stay there four or five weeks. Of course they notice the great improvement in the old country now that the Communists have had to get out. When the tenants come back they are enthusiastic about the government and prosperity in Greece today.

New York, N.Y. EDWARD COYLE

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The one-minute long distance rate. An inexpensive way to say you got home okay.

When you've something short to say, like "I'm home," we've got a way for you to say it for very little money.

It's our late-night and early-morning one-minute rate for long distance calls you dial direct without operator assistance.

You can use it any time after 11 at night all the way till 8 the next morning.

Any night of the week.

And it won't cost very much. Even coast-to-coast. New York to Los Angeles, for instance, is only 35¢, plus tax (additional minutes are 20¢ each).*

Obviously, most of your calls will take longer, so they'll cost more. But you'll still save money when you dial direct.

At AT&T and your local Bell Company, we want you to know all the ways to use your phone so you can save money. That includes using our late-night one-minute rate and dialing all long distance calls direct.

*Dial-it-yourself rates apply on all interstate calls within the continental U.S. (excluding Alaska) completed from a residence or business phone without operator assistance. They also apply on calls placed with an operator from a residence or business phone where direct dialing facilities are not available. For dial-it-yourself rates to Hawaii, check your operator. Dial-direct rates do not apply to person-to-person, coin, hotel-guest, credit-card, or collect calls, or to calls charged to another number, because an operator must assist on such calls.

We hear you.

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THE WEEK

■ The Post Office has delivered a postcard to a man in Keystone, Indiana 22 years late. In New Orleans, Delenore Kelley proposed to Minnie Bennet. Minnie said no, so Delenore pulled a gun and stole all her money ($51). Daytime TV is back. The Internal Revenue Service is going to tax bows and arrows next year. A new Japanese sect called the Church of Perfect Liberty holds that the way to self-improvement is golf. David and Julie Eisenhower recently drove to Nebraska to visit friends. A British doctor, arguing that "we do not burn sewage," proposes recycling human bodies as fertilizer. The New School for Social Research in New York is offering a course called "How to Fool All the People Some of the Time." Which reminds us—when, oh when, do we get more hearings?

■ When U.S. negotiators, during the first round of SALT, granted the Soviets superiority in both the number and size of missiles, they did so, we were told, because we had MIRVs and the Soviets didn't. The capabilities of both sides were supposed to be different but equal. Several days ago Defense Secretary James Schlesinger announced that the Soviets had MIRVed—mastered the technique of placing multiple independently targeted warheads on one missile. By 1979, he said, the Soviets should equal us in MIRV warheads, making the U.S.-USSR capabilities not only different but very unequal—it's estimated that the Soviets will have a throw-weight advantage of four times over the U.S. The Defense Secretary also said the Soviets are developing four new missiles that combined with MIRV could lead the Soviet Union to "a clear preponderance of counterforce capabilities" over the U.S. On to SALT II!

■ Though food shortages have gotten all the attention, there are also serious shortages of newsprint, baling wire, tallow, sawdust, blue jeans, and toilets. Machinery backlogs are 30 per cent higher than a year ago, and a *Purchasing World* survey found that 98 per cent of the purchasing executives are experiencing supply bottlenecks. With patience, one can often trace such problems back to either a strike or federal bungling. Thus, the beef price-freeze resulted in a shortage of tallow, which is used in making candles, soap, and rubber. Since rubber belts and grommets are used in machinery, the rubber shortage could conceivably be one reason why it is hard to get machines to make more blue jeans. The Soviet grain fiasco tied up ships and boxcars, making it hard to move lumber to Midwestern markets; the temporary shortage of lumber was followed by a shortage of lumber byproducts (sawdust, pulp for paper). We haven't figured out what caused the toilet shortage, but it's going to be hard to sell new houses without them.

■ Alger Hiss is, officially, no longer controversial. The Federal Communications Commission has rejected the complaint that a radio interview with Hiss last year "dealt with controversial issues of public importance in a one-sided manner" and thus was subject to the equal-time provision of the FCC's "fairness doctrine." After all, what could be controversial about a convicted perjurer and Soviet spy?

■ *Fortune* has uncovered 39 citizens who have accumulated between $50 and $700 million within the last five years (repeat: five years). Their ages range from 35 to 81, their lifestyles range from far-out luxurious to pseudo-austere, and their political preferences range to McGovern and beyond. But what is most fascinating and revealing is the source of their fortunes: not the fundamental sectors of the industrial economy—steel, railroads, automobiles, mining, oil—but the services, luxuries, and whims of affluent postindustrial society: orange juice, clothing, drugstores, trading stamps, motor homes, soft drinks, ice-cream parlors, and—producer of the top take—pet foods and supplies.

■ As rising incomes lessen the importance of the meat and potatoes issue, labor unions can be expected to concentrate more on the improvement of working conditions. The United Auto Workers, with full adjustment of wages for inflation already insured, may be less concerned with pay this year than with making overtime voluntary. Manufacturers don't like the idea much, because they might have to hire an additional crew and meet heavier employee obligations during slack periods. But the exhaustion and resentment of workers has costs too, and compulsion is usually not the most effective motivation.

■ Robert Bauman, former national chairman of Young Americans for Freedom and a founder of the American Conservative Union, is now a Republican congressman from Maryland, after winning a special election for the House seat left vacant by the death of William O. Mills. Many things were supposed to work against Bauman: His views are conservative; he is a Republican in the age of Watergate; his predecessor, also a Republican, had been caught in a shady deal with the President's campaign committee (soon after the deal became known, Mills committed suicide). Bauman's Democratic opponent tried to tar him with Watergate and attacked him as "ultraconservative," but those tactics didn't work. Bauman retorted that if the White House people had shared his conservative beliefs, Watergate wouldn't have happened and the Nixon Administration wouldn't be so forlorn. Aside from his conservatism, Bauman cited another factor in his victory: the support of Spiro Agnew. The

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

One scandal report that got lost in the shuffle, but may prove explosive, concerned the interest Special Watergate Prosecutor Archibald Cox is showing in 13 "politically sensitive" documents which he thinks were withheld by Administration officials from the Justice Department's Criminal Division during the 1972 presidential campaign. The documents are supposed to be letters and memoranda from officers of the International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation. Statements in them are said to conflict with testimony by other ITT officers and government officials during the hearings on Richard Kleindienst's nomination as Attorney General in April 1972. This is just one of the things to be considered by a second Grand Jury convened at Cox's request. It indicates the range and depth of the Cox inquiry. It now seems probable that Cox will be in Washington, investigating up a storm, during the 1976 presidential campaign. Indeed, with his large and growing staff, his long and growing agenda, his $2-million-and-rising budget, Cox may become the archetypal government program: He will never end.

■ Pan Am's friends (and lobbyists) have been busy in Washington this summer complaining to whatever Administration and congressional ears will listen about the short change they have been getting from Aeroflot and the Soviet authorities. Under the pact governing the U.S.-USSR air-transport service, as under all such pacts, the airlines of the two contracting parties (in this case, Pan Am and Aeroflot) are supposed to get and give equal rights and treatment. As things have worked out, Aeroflot has cheated on everything cheatable. All Soviet officials and the few citizens permitted to travel are required to fly Aeroflot both ways. Pan Am cannot sell tickets at its Moscow office, nor sell from any office tickets on flights originating in Moscow. To attract non-Soviet passengers, Aeroflot constantly sells tickets at illegal cut rates. On hotel rooms and other ground arrangements, Pan Am passengers often get a runaround. Aeroflot wants to increase the number of flights to this country and extend them to several inland cities. Pan Am wants the Administration to forget about detente in the abstract and settle down to hardnosed trading before going ahead with the expansion.

■ Yet another Nixon Administration target is benefiting from Watergate. The National Public Affairs Center for Television (N-PACT), which has been doing the prime-time public-television Watergate broadcasts, has seen its ratings quadruple and $1.5 million in contributions pour in. The Washington outlet, WETA (Channel 26) has received $55,000. Two-thirds of the 75,000 people who have written to N-PACT in Washington say they never watched public television until Watergate. . . . The best thing done by Watergate so far? Jacqueline Susann says so many people are watching public-television reruns of Watergate that her new book is not selling.

■ BRIEFS: Just about the time the East German government was concocting new Newspeak to celebrate the twelfth anniversary of the Berlin Wall ("an act of peace of historic proportions"), the United States Government through the Cost of Living Council (CLC) was giving the East Germans a run for the Newspeak money. In a recent document the CLC outlines what it calls "Profit Margin Repurification." A firm repurifies its profits, or gets repurified, when it makes more money than the CLC considers seemly. . . . Soon—perhaps very soon—an attempt may be made to start the draft again. Dissatisfaction about the number and caliber of recruits will see to that. But the draft will not be started again. A Senate filibuster—if necessary—will see to that. . . . Mr. Nixon is said to have been stunned by the fact that all but two of the questions asked at his extra-long press conference concerned Watergate. (The other two concerned Mr. Agnew's troubles and the secret bombing of Cambodia.) This had reporters wondering, as they foregathered later on that day, what he wanted to be asked about. ITT? Public funds spent on his private residences? The disappearance of beef? The appearance of Soviet MIRVs? . . . The Secret Service agent who spied on George McGovern while protecting him last year (and who reported to the White House) has left the Secret Service. —CATO

Vice President campaigned enthusiastically for Bauman—and was in turn greeted enthusiastically by the Maryland crowds.

■ Spawned by the rioting of the 1960s, the Lemberg Center for the Study of Violence was set up seven years ago by Brandeis University, recruited a prestigious staff, issued many a learned study and successful press release. The staff has now dwindled to a lonely five charged with liquidating the Center by year's end. Where are the riots of yesteryear?

■ During Bao Ruo-wang's seven years in a Chinese forced-labor camp, his wife visited him only to deliver a shrill tirade against him (his two small sons would not even wave good-bye, for shame and fright). He saw a fellow prisoner's brains blown out for a homosexual act; he knew other prisoners who regarded insects as delicacies, including worms retrieved from dung. But Bao's memoirs are more than a horror story; even in a pre-publication abridgement (in the August 28 *World*) they are full of analysis, humor, and compassion. Among his conclusions: There are at least 32 million Chinese in such camps; and yet, "not only is the society within the camps in many ways purer than the larger one outside, but it is also freer. It is in the prisons and camps that the notions of friendship and personal freedom are the most highly developed in China."

■ Ping-pong diplomacy, which kicked off the era of detente two years ago, is still with us, but now it is the overseas Chinese who are being courted. Peking invited a "team of Chinese originally from the Chinese Province of Taiwan and residing in Japan and the United States" (as Red Chinese press reports identified them) to participate in the "friendship ping-pong tournament of Asian,

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African, and Latin American countries." They came, and were fêted royally at the opening banquet. Several Communist dignitaries were present, and Marshal Yeh Chien-ying, a Politburo member, interrupted his speech to allow the "Chinese from Taiwan" to be applauded. So far no one, least of all the ping-pongers, has protested Peking's use of the phrase "Chinese Province of Taiwan."

■ The poor Greek colonels just can't win. For six years they have taken it on the chin from every liberal and left publicist in Europe, America, and the Antarctic for their fascistic brutality in keeping all those nice people in jail. And here they are getting pasted even harder for their fraudulent deception in letting them out.

■ Nora Murray, an Irish-born secretary of the British embassy in Washington, had a hand blown off by the same type of letter bomb that the IRA recently began sending throughout London. The IRA's bombs have succeeded in disrupting London, but the bombs may also end up hurting the IRA. It's banned in Ireland and Northern Ireland, but, curiously, not in England. Prime Minister Heath is now thinking of remedying that.

■ Thanks to Fidel Castro, Cubans have what one observer has called "probably the largest antique shop in the world." The Premier is a man of catholic tastes, and once a refugee departs Cuba everything from his home to his glassware becomes Castro's—the refugee isn't even allowed a picture of his family. Anything of value ends up in the "antique shop," a former monastery in Havana where only foreigners are allowed to browse and buy—if they have hard currency. Nor are Cubans allowed to occupy the vacated houses. However, since housing is also an antique in Cuba, many of the homeless sneak into them. When this happens, Castro calls on his soldiers to oust those who cling to the prerevolutionary idea of four walls and a roof.

■ The endless inflation is having strange effects across the land. Cattle-rustling has become big business, and vigilante groups are forming to patrol cattle farms. Thieves in Mount Vernon, Washington, made off with twenty tons of broccoli, and somebody cleaned out the George Klink family's garden in Lebanon, Indiana, getting five rows of sweet corn, two rows of tomatoes, and a half-bushel of beans. Several large corporations, and several jails, are letting their respective inmates maintain small gardens. A man in Tucson, Arizona, has pawned three USDA choice T-bone steaks for $5. Nancy Drew took the year off from her fictional sleuthing and came out with a cookbook. On the grim side, scores of relief agencies, public and private, are having to drop or curtail programs helping to feed as many as 100 million needy people around the world. One little ray of light: Paper shortages have almost dried up the supply of business forms, and one printer had to turn down a fat contract for doing next year's federal income-tax forms because he couldn't get the paper.

■ We reprint, as a public service, a lesson in consumer economics from Betty Furness, New York City's Commissioner of Consumer Affairs: "Now we have less beef at a ceiling price. If controls were removed immediately, then we would have no beef at a much higher price."

■ San Clemente had its first smiles of the summer when a young aide, emerging from the morning papers, commented: "Allende is in worse shape than the Boss."

Nixon: Beyond Watergate

President Nixon is now at a crucial point in his relation to the political circumstance arising out of Watergate, and three months from now we should be able to tell whether we have a viable President or a political zombie sitting in the Oval Office. Nixon's television address and his San Clemente press conference differed in effectiveness—he did far better (or, at least, less badly) in the press conference—but both made one central point: As he put it at San Clemente, Watergate was "an episode that I deeply deplore, and had I been running the campaign [instead of] trying to run the country, and particularly the foreign policy of this country at this time, it would never have happened. But that's water under the bridge. Let's go on now . . . We must move on from Watergate to the business of the people."

In one form or another Mr. Nixon has now made that point several times. The difficulty is that he himself so far seems either unwilling or unable to move beyond Watergate. If we—and he—are to move on, it must be to matters of substance. Not that these are lacking. We note:

1. Well into the fifth year of the Nixon Presidency more schoolchildren are being bused to achieve "racial balance" than ever before and the number keeps rising. Not only is this policy opposed by the overwhelming majority of the people (polls show 80 per cent), but the pro-integration experts themselves have been able to come up with no convincing educational rationale in its favor. Mr. Nixon keeps talking about his "mandate," but if there ever were an issue on which he has a mandate, first issued in 1968 and renewed in 1972, this is it. So far he has done nothing.

2. In 1972, Mr. Nixon campaigned against "quotas" as alien to American tradition, and he was right. He ridiculed the quota-bedeviled McGovern Convention, and by doing so scored heavily with the voters. Yet for five years now, under Nixon, his own department of HEW has been enforcing a quota policy in public and private hiring and in higher education. So far, Nixon has done nothing.

3. In 1968, candidate Nixon campaigned against the

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heavily Democratic federal bureaucracy and gave every indication that he meant to shake it up. He also indicated that he would put an end to poorly conceived Great Society programs. After his election, to quote aide Patrick Buchanan's book *The New Majority*, Mr. Nixon chose "to forgo the victor's prerogative of purging the Democratic bureaucracy and to renew the lease on most of the Great Society programs dear to their hearts." He did this, says Buchanan, in order to achieve a kind of domestic political truce while he ended the Vietnam war. Prior to Watergate, Mr. Nixon seemed to be about to embark on this project, dismantling OEO and inserting Nixon men into the upper levels of the bureaucracy. Well, if he wants to move beyond Watergate, there's no time like the present to get back to work on this one.

4. In both 1968 and 1972, Mr. Nixon presented himself to the voters as an advocate of strong national defense. In some of the best speeches of the 1972 campaign, Nixon surrogates picked apart the defense recommendations of George McGovern. Yet today the doves in Congress hold the initiative, slashing not only current programs but research and development aimed at future preparedness. Meanwhile, the Soviet Union relentlessly expands its capabilities and has just achieved a breakthrough to a MIRV system. Why does Mr. Nixon not level with the American people on this issue? What kind of "structure of peace" does he think he and Henry Kissinger can build on a foundation of American weakness?

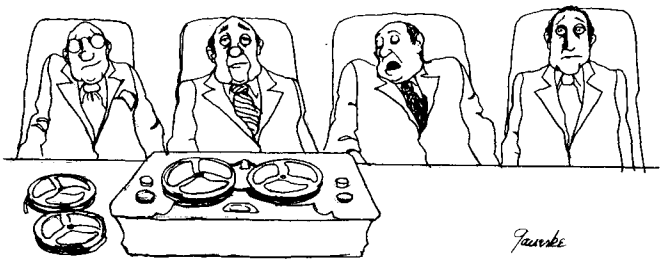
To these four points, a score of others could be added. No tour of the capitals of Europe, for which the White House now seems so eager, will move Mr. Nixon beyond Watergate. It will take a series of serious and substantial political initiatives on the domestic front to do so.

Secretary Dr. Kissinger

Henry A. Kissinger is the first immigrant, the first Jew, the first PhD, and the second intellectual to have been appointed, and we may assume confirmed, as Secretary of State. It is surely not altogether arbitrary to read significance into so striking a set of symbols. Kissinger is not, primarily, getting more power in the conduct of foreign policy: In his White House post he has for the past four and a half years been next to the President himself in the power scale. There will be an administrative difference, of course, but the principal change is hierarchical and symbolic. The replacement of the native Establishment lawyer and WASP, William Rogers, by the Jewish immigrant intellectual expresses both the ongoing transformation of the country from parochial nation into global, imperial power, and, in another dimension, the expanding role of the intellectual and verbalist in postindustrial cosmopolitan society.

Henry Kissinger is brilliant, learned, intellectually bold, and a virtuoso of the public media. His achievements as the President's National Security Assistant have been, and have been globally recognized as being, spectacular. For the most part, up to this point in his and the Nixon Administration's career, they have been more the achievements of a consummate diplomat in the European tradition of Metternich, Talleyrand, and Castlereagh that Kissinger acknowledges as his own, than of a statesman: Their results are displayed, so far, more in structure and form than in political substance. Working with as well as for the President, Kissinger has conducted the prodigies of negotiation that pulled our soldiers out of Vietnam, opened up active communication with China and the Soviet Union, and set in motion international discussions of armament and security. Except for the diplomats whose professional business is to produce them, however, communication and negotiation and even accords and treaties are significant not in themselves but for their consequences in terms of security, trade, peace, and well-being. In spite of the effusive rhetoric with which every diplomatic operation is invariably surrounded, we do not yet know—we have even some grounds for doubt—whether the Paris accord is in truth bringing peace with honor in Indochina, whether SALT is indeed strengthening our security in a dangerous world, whether the embryo detentes with Peking and Moscow are in fact ushering in an era of greater friendship, cooperation, and mutually beneficial trade.

In his statement to the press on the announcement of his appointment, Dr. & Secretary-designate Kissinger



"No, Pat, no jello salad tonight; I had it for lunch. . . . What? Not back from the cleaner's yet? Well, put some pressure on them. . . . No, absolutely, no. Not this Saturday; I'm watching the game. . . ."

None Dares Call It Amoral

They can't grow corn; they can't grow wheat.
I'd hate to test their poured concrete.
They're failures at producing cars.
Though Lunakods may sample Mars,
They've definitely fallen flat
With their own proletariat.
How nice to know they've got a plan,
Thanks to the Western businessman—
Who never, ever, makes a move
His government would not approve.

W. H. VON DREELE

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seemed to recognize the preliminary and still tentative character of what the Administration of which he is part has so far done in the conduct of its foreign policy:

"The foundations that have been laid must now lead to the building of a more permanent structure. What has been started is still very tender. . . . So what we are going to try to do is to solidify what has been started . . . and to conclude during the term of the President the building of a structure that we can pass on to succeeding Administrations so that the world will be a safer place when they take over."

In those aims we wish the new Secretary well.

Riggs v. Ms. King

The Bobby Riggs *v.* The Women operation has now come into focus, surprisingly enough, not as pop spectacle but as the lineal descendant of the great heavyweight championship fights of yesteryear.

Sports in America, and especially the heavyweight championship fights, have always served a purpose not unlike that of the drama in ancient Athens: Social and emotional conflict is turned into spectacle, and thus perhaps made more manageable.

American ethnic, racial, and class struggles have long charged the heavyweight ring with their violent emotions. The rise of Jack Johnson, widely felt as an affront, called forth a series of "white hopes" culminating in Jess Willard's 1915 conquest of the black man. But this particular drama was re-enacted again and again: Louis *v.* Schmeling, Louis *v.* Conn, Marciano *v.* Walcott. Ethnic history is easily traceable in our champions. John L. Sullivan, the boozy brawler and Boston Strong Boy, is at last defeated by "Gentleman Jim" Corbett: The Irish are rising. Louis himself, the quintessential Thirties-Forties Negro, is replaced by the ineffable-brilliant Clay-Ali of the Sixties, who in turn gives way to the normalized George Foreman of today.

In the Houston Astrodome on September 20, Riggs *v.* King will be the TV-age equivalent of a Tex Rickard million-dollar gate, Dempsey-Tunney for our time. Riggs's previous outing, a sort of preliminary bout against Margaret Court, whom he easily defeated, was viewed by an audience of sixty million people in four countries—more than any previous sporting event. The Astrodome spectacle promises to dwarf even this.

Symbolically, the Riggs-King match has everything. There is the male-female issue, of course, acute now because of the women's lib movement and the complex emotions aroused by the changing role of women in the society. Riggs stands like a kind of Horatius at the bridge, reassuring to traditional feeling; Ms. King is the vociferous feminist par excellence. She even claims to have had an abortion. This aspect has been built up masterfully by Riggs, the latest of the great American promoters, a true son of Barnum.

The symbolism, however, goes far beyond this issue. Riggs is a kind of modern-day Horatio Alger. In an affluent America, increasingly devoted to sports, Riggs has moved from relative poverty to millionaire status not by working but by playing.

His performance also touches what may be the darkest of our American anxieties—the fear of age and death. Here the 55-year-old Riggs—significantly, "Bobby"—has apparently triumphed over age, held back the dark, and Jimmy the Greek actually has him 5 to 2 to defeat the youthful Ms. King.

In a touch worthy of Aristophanes, "Bobby" says he's planning to wear his "funeral outfit" in the Astrodome, black crepe: not for his funeral, but for hers.

Meanwhile, in South Vietnam

The war is anything but over, and Hanoi is busily providing itself with two options: either another all-out offensive next year or, alternatively, protracted military-political-economic conflict with the Saigon government.

According to reliable intelligence reports, the North Vietnamese regulars operating in the South have been turned temporarily into labor battalions. Along the edge of the central highlands, these units have been the core of a road-building campaign that has pushed new or improved roads down to the edges of the heavily populated coastal plain. Thus east-west infiltration routes now crisscross the length of the country and could of course be used for conventional military attack. Other road systems recently constructed run north-south from the demilitarized zone into Binh Long province northwest of Saigon. Truck traffic is heavy.

Simultaneously, the Communists have endeavored to set up a separate state, a so-called "third Vietnam," in the parts of the country under their control. In Pleiku province, they have established two market towns, several factories, and at least one school. A Communist university is being established in Quang Tri province. There is a rumor that the Provisional Revolutionary Govern-

The Moving Finger Writes

Will all our work unravel
  As Dick falls down the hill?
Will all our hopes and horoscopes
  Be tainted from the swill?
Will Agnew be a beacon,
  Or just a gutted flame?
Will Barry rise to alkalize
  The sordid and the shame?
It's difficult to picture
  Conservatism's role.
But one thing's sure as ripe manure:
  We've got us in a hole.

W. H. von Dreele

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ment has already set up a provisional capital and that diplomats from several East European and African governments have been accredited to it. Far from being a "third Vietnam," however, the sections of the South controlled by the Communists are administered directly by Hanoi.

Intelligence analysts conclude as follows. If the Hanoi Politburo decides that the U.S. will not intervene even in the face of an all-out conventional assault, then such an attack is likely next year. In this calculation, much will depend on Hanoi's assessment of Mr. Nixon's political situation vis-à-vis Watergate and in relation to Congress. If Hanoi decides that Mr. Nixon is free to act, the bet is on lower-level protracted conflict.

Heretics Unanimous

How would *you* write Humanist Manifesto II? Well, to begin with, you'd denounce "orthodoxy" and, by implication, the Inquisition; that way you'd get Paul Blanshard to sign, and philosophers like Paul Edwards and Anthony Flew, and you could just about take your pick of modish theologians. Then, to be even-handed, you'd denounce Communism, so Sidney Hook would sign—but you'd denounce it only, again, by implication, and for acting *like a religion*, so as not to get those theologians too upset. You'd praise reason and science, and B. F. Skinner would sign. Then you'd denounce war, and racism, and sexism, and pollution, and affirm the right of everyone to get laid or get an abortion or kill himself or whatever, and then stand the hell back, so as not to get yourself trampled to death by the mob of greening clergymen.

That could have been how Paul Kurtz, editor of *The Humanist*, wrote H. M. II, forty years and no new ideas after H. M. I. The composition of the signatories is the giveaway: a united front of elderly secularists and religious hot rods—all convinced that their obsolescent liberalism is still the wave of the future, all certain, despite Hitler, Stalin, and Mao, that traditional faiths are still the real enemy. All men of much learning, they constitute the most poignant spectacle of the current nostalgia craze, and the greatest concentration of eccentric intelligence since Bertrand Russell dined alone.

Wages of Detente?

Pyotr Yakir: If I make a confession, said Pyotr Yakir in a taped message to the West shortly before his arrest last year, it will be because I have been tortured. If I am reported to have committed suicide, it will in fact be murder.

Last week Pyotr Yakir pleaded guilty in a Moscow courtroom to all the charges against him in an almost grotesque replay of the Soviet purge trials of the Thirties. Along with his co-defendant Viktor Krasin, Yakir confessed to "anti-Soviet agitation and propaganda," and told how they had worked with foreign correspondents and publishers and with dissident emigré groups against the Soviet state. (The groundwork is thus being laid for police action against other Russians hardy or foolhardy enough to consort with foreigners.)

Andrei Sakharov: The noted nuclear scientist, inventor of the Soviet H-bomb, called in by First Deputy Prosecutor Mikhail Malyarov and warned that if he continued to support dissident intellectuals he might be charged with "passing state secrets to foreigners in violation of the commitment [he had] made while working on the Soviet nuclear bomb," refused to be cowed. Sakharov not only told the world about that interview, he sent a copy of it to the *New York Times*.

Zhores Medvedev: Was allowed to leave the USSR to take up a year's appointment in England and then brusquely informed that his passport had been picked up, that he was no longer a Soviet citizen.

Andrei Sinyavsky: Allowed to go to France after serving a five-year term for "anti-Soviet propaganda" (i.e., some of his novels had been published in the West). Passport picked up.

Andrei Amalrik: Finished a three-year term for "anti-Soviet propaganda," immediately sentenced to another three-year term, apparently for the same offense.

Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn: Refused permission to reside in Moscow with his second wife and his children, Solzhenitsyn responded first with a blast at authorities: "I am neither a serf nor a slave, and I should be free to live wherever I find it necessary and no one, not even the highest authorities, should have the proprietary right to separate me from my family." And went on to give a sensational interview to the Associated Press and *Le Monde*, in which he:

a) warned that if he "should be declared suddenly mysteriously dead, you can infallibly conclude, with 100 per cent certainty, that I have been killed with the approval of the KGB or by it" ("Not a single hair falls or will fall from my head or from the head of members of my family without the knowledge and approval of the KGB. That is the extent to which we are observed, shadowed, spied upon and listened to . . .");

b) threatened that if he should die or disappear his "major" and even more critical works would be published, that Soviet authorities would not be able to destroy them;

c) said that, whereas a man of the prominence of Sakharov has to be crushed publicly, "unknown critics [of the Soviet system] are being crushed in great numbers in silence, in the countryside, in the hinterlands. . . ." And asked, "how many can they be, these people never mentioned to anybody, languishing and perishing in regional psychiatric clinics?";

d) applauded "the unbending Gen. Grigorenko . . . when, after four years in the hell of a prison psychiatric hospital, he daily spurns the temptation to buy freedom from torment at the price of his convictions. . . ." Ap-

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plauded "Vladimir Bukovsky who, [having been] ground by the mincing knives of psychiatric prisons, ordinary prisons, and camps, did not break down . . . but laid down his life as a deliberate sacrifice for others . . ." Applauded Amalrik, "who was told he could go free if he would confirm Yakir and Krasin's confessions, and refused."

It is battle drawn between Solzhenitsyn, Sakharov, and the authorities. Until now they have been semi-protected by their very prominence (as the Yakirs, Grigorenkos, and Amalriks were not). But can that immunity hold in the face of these latest acts of defiance?

Vladimir Maximov, the Soviet writer most recently expelled by the Writers Union, feels that the intellectuals who have been struggling for a greater measure of civil liberty in the past few years will be the big losers in the new era of detente; that Soviet authorities will tighten rather than loosen the reins on their own citizens, as those citizens become more and more exposed to Western technology and ideas and compare their lot with the lot of those beyond Leonid Brezhnev's grasp. "God only knows," Maximov wrote in an open letter to German novelist Heinrich Böll, "how much blood we [the intellectuals] will end up paying for these diabolical games now being played by the retarded diplomats of the modern age."

Benjamin Mandel, R I P

Ben Mandel learned about Communism in the same hard school that taught Arthur Koestler, Whittaker Chambers, Frank Meyer, and many another of the generation that reached maturity in the years between the Wars: in the Party apparatus, the cadre, of the Communist movement. Economic crisis and the rise of Fascism led him, as it did many of the others, to seek in Communism a solution that capitalism and democracy seemed unable to provide, but by the middle Thirties, direct experience as a Party functionary had taught him his mistake by teaching him the truth about Communism. That knowledge he was determined to put at the service of his country. He helped Andrew Smith, an American mechanic who out of an innocent revolutionary enthusiasm had gone to the Soviet Union to help build socialism, write one of the early exposés of Stalinism and its meaning, *I Was a Soviet Worker*. In 1939 Ben was appointed research director of the Special Committee on Un-American Activities of the House of Representatives. During 1945 and 1946 he did research and security work for the State Department and returned to the House Committee in 1947. He shifted to the research staff of the Senate Internal Security Committee in 1951 and worked there until his retirement five years ago.

Everyone who ever worked with Ben Mandel, and it is a large community, knows how thorough and scrupulous was his research, both in idea and in practice. He was an enemy of Communism, and he believed Communism to be in our epoch the most deadly threat to his country and to all mankind. But the truth was his chosen weapon for fighting the enemy, and in his tireless research he was a faithful servant of the truth. The extent of his published work will never be known, because most of it became, or was incorporated into, documents published officially by the Committees. Whittaker Chambers tells in *Witness* about some of Ben's work on the Alger Hiss case. President Nixon, who in those days came to know him, spoke of Ben on his retirement as "one of the most dedicated, patriotic, and capable investigators in congressional history." Joining in tribute were many senators of both parties—Hugh Scott, James Eastland, Strom Thurmond, Sam Ervin, Roman Hruska, the late Everett Dirksen among them. The same gentleness and modesty that kept Ben from being publicly known in the degree of his accomplishments assured him a large and varied company of devoted friends. Several of us at *NR* knew Ben well, and all of us extend our sympathy to his good wife, Maggie, who survives him.

Notes & Asides

■ MEMO TO: The Editors
FROM: Linda Bridges (Letters Editor)
Re: Watergate

Letters didn't really start coming in on Watergate until about mid-May; since then the Editorial Department has got well over a hundred of them, most of them very emotional indeed, referring directly to things we've said about the case (there have undoubtedly been an equal number of letters not referring directly to *NR*, which would have gone to other departments). It wasn't until late June that we received the first letter (it was also almost the last) praising anything we had written.

At first, when we tended to be skeptical of the intrinsic importance of the affair and to concentrate on the point that even if Nixon personally should be punished, the nation should not be punished by his impeachment, the letters accused us of encouraging corruption and/or fascism. Then, when we began to criticize more and more strongly Nixon's handling of the affair, and to speculate on the possibility of his resigning, the letters accused us of judging before the facts were in, kicking a good man when he was down, and so on. Thus, "Watergate: Shifting Perspectives" (May 25) drew a CMS (cancel my subscription) on the grounds that we "are in line for the new cabinet post of Minister of Information for the Nixon Administration. Long Live Herr Goebbels und der Vaterland"; while George Will's "The Snicker Factor" (June 8) drew one CMS and several threats to cancel on the

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grounds that it was a vicious, unfair personal attack.

Thus, we have so far got about 85 letters that can be classified as pro-Nixon and/or anti-the-media, 27 that can be classified as anti-Nixon, and a dozen or so that put forth conspiracy theories explaining the burglary or contrast our sort of scandal with the British sort.

Some quotations from the letters: "Conservatives who can't see that Watergate is small potatoes lend credence to the view that they are indeed the stupid party. Appraised in the light of historical perspective, this trivial affair is not remotely comparable, for example, to the depredations of Andrew Jackson's spoilsmen, the frauds of the Whisky King during Grant's Administration . . . [etc.]." "I fail to see how impeachment can be construed as 'a convulsive expedient.' Equal justice under law convulsive?" "I read with abject horror the conclusion you reached in the May 11 issue ["Watergate and Nixon . . ."] . . . your entire line of reasoning . . . is not only shocking to my sense of basic justice and moral right, but shocking to hear this kind of attitude coming from someone who has so well publicized his 100 per cent Catholic beliefs regarding moral right and wrong . . . most Americans are not children and do not look on the office of the President as a royal or sacred position." "I hope another Daniel Ellsberg will come along and reveal to us the secrets that were sought at Democratic headquarters. It is the Public's right to know."

"Your 'Watergate: Shifting Perspectives' was as inept as the Nixon bungles. Middle America is numb, inarticulate, and deeply hurt. Watergate has given the media and elite class the whip to beat Nixon and conservatism, knowing that Nixon is no conservative." "Not only is ["The Snicker Factor"] couched in terms of the cheapest sarcasm, but by its very inference shows the typical 'hate America' sneer that seems so completely out of place in the pages of NATIONAL REVIEW that I wonder if you have new editorial 'double agent'-type assistants, publishing articles which, if you had read personally, would never have been approved. This applies especially, it seems to me, to the shocking bad taste of the comments made with reference to Mrs. Richard Nixon, generally known as the 'First Lady.' . . . I should like to ask why it is that the press and, of all journals, NATIONAL REVIEW, should have such an almost paranoid hatred of Richard Milhous Nixon?" "Are you sure this isn't Garry Wills and not George Will?" "I am angry about the July 6 article 'Watergate as Power Struggle.' . . . I find it an example of 'unconscious' journalism. It is probably not coincidental that the author chose to discuss—and miss the point of—Watergate, the result of 'unconscious' government. The key to both is in the words provided at the beginning of the article: 'Legal and ethical questions aside.' How an author or an Administration can assume they act meaningfully, intelligently, or economically without including such considerations as a matter of course is beyond me."

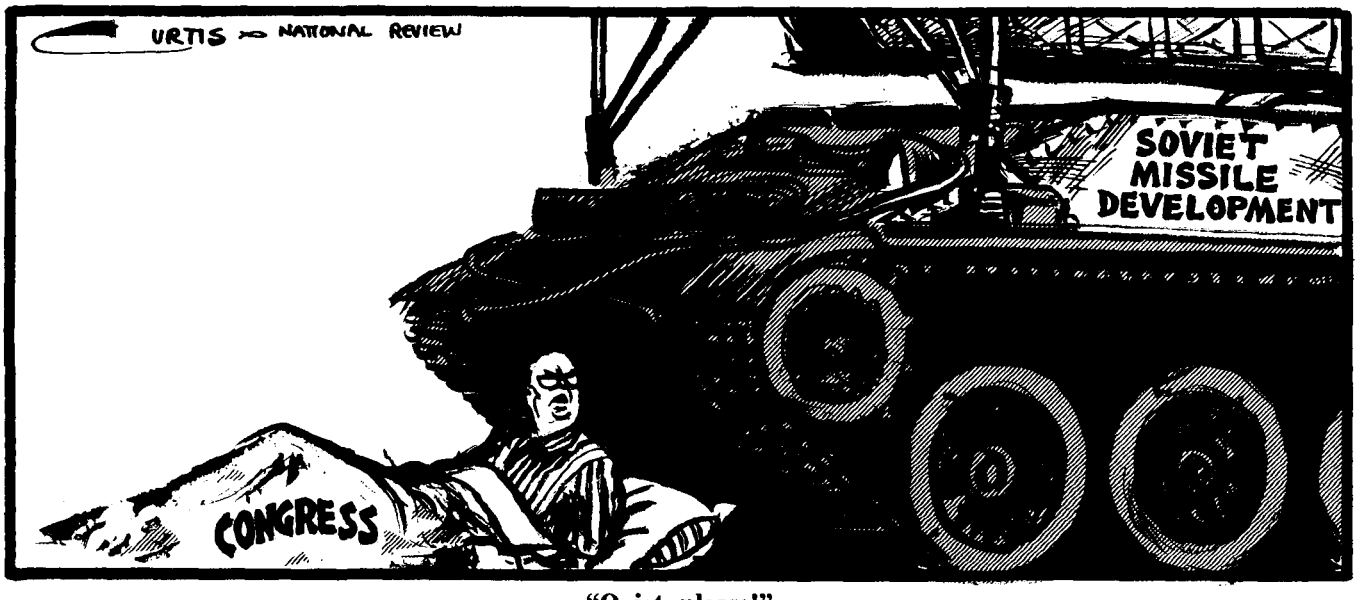
■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I have been cogitating over the Dean Memorandum re maximizing the incumbency. Down here in Texas we Republicans have very little incumbency to maximize and we need all the help we can get.

Heretofore, the only examples of this practice available to Texas Republicans have been the techniques of Texas Democrats. It occurs to me that "screwing your political enemies" as suggested by the Dean Memo might be a good deal more fun than the Democratic technique of "stalking them with shivs." (See Mansfield's book on Kennedy assassination re Yarborough and Connally.)

Can you suggest a way we can get in touch with "a number of persons possessed of expertise in the field"? We would certainly not want to get into this business half-cocked.

Sincerely,
P. A. Peacock
Houston, Texas
—**WFB**



"Quiet, please!"

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Dispiriting Week

It was a day of *transcontinental* unpleasantness, coming at the end of what must have been, even for Mr. Nixon, an exceptionally exasperating and dispiriting week. He finally did what the press itself has long wanted to do—he gave press secretary Ron Ziegler a good, hard shove—but it didn't help.

The press conference in the parking lot of his San Clemente estate was a thing of contrasts, a beautiful, sun-drenched setting for a fifty-minute bath in venom freely sprayed by press and President alike. And the one undoubted thing about the headlines generated in the parking lot is that they distracted attention from events in Judge John Sirica's Washington courtroom, where Mr. Nixon's special Watergate prosecutor, Archibald Cox, was declaring that Mr. Nixon was virtually guilty of deceit in proclaiming a desire to turn the Watergate and related crimes and scandals over to the courts.

Never in the history of presidential press conferences has there been anything remotely like the San Clemente confrontation. Mr. Nixon was asked if he had tried to bribe a federal judge; if he thought he should be impeached; if there was any effective restraint on his potential for authoritarianism; if he thought he owed the American people an apology; if he had conspired to coordinate his Watergate story with H. R. Haldeman's. For his part, Mr. Nixon eight times informed the viewers that the press does not like him.

Twice in the press conference Mr. Nixon expressed confidence in the ability of the courts to handle Watergate. Most interestingly, when asked if he still thought H. R. Haldeman and John Ehrlichman were two of the finest public servants he has known, he replied yes, and added: "I think, too, that if all the facts come out, that—and when they have an opportunity to have their case heard in court, not simply to be tried in the press and tried on television—they will be exonerated."

This answer was interesting for two reasons. When asked to comment about Mr. Agnew's troubles Mr. Nixon said it would be "totally inappropriate" for him to do so. But when asked about his former staff members' troubles, he not only commented, but said they would be vindicated in court. (He seemed to be conceding the fact that they probably will be indicted.)

Even more fascinating is that almost at the moment Mr. Nixon was expressing confidence in their coming vindication in court—"if all the facts come out"—Mr. Nixon's lawyers were in court back in Washington doing their damnedest to get a ruling that will keep the crucial facts—those on the White House tapes—from coming out.

Mr. Nixon's lawyers were explaining to Judge Sirica why the White House does not think it needs to release the tapes of critical conversations necessary for refuting or confirming John Dean's testimony against Mr. Nixon. If the tapes are not pried out of the White House, many Watergate defendants—and especially Mr. Haldeman and Mr. Ehrlichman—may escape trial by claiming that the tapes contain exculpating or extenuating evidence. Charles Alan Wright, the University of Texas law professor who is Mr. Nixon's principal lawyer in this matter, implicitly conceded this possibility when he said that Mr. Nixon's refusal to turn over the tapes involves matters—executive privilege and separation of powers—that are "more important than the fullest administration of criminal justice."

Mr. Cox—Harvard against Texas; perfect symbol of the continuing culture clash from the Sixties—responded that there was "almost a deceit" in Mr. Nixon's urging that the Watergate matter be left to the courts while refusing to release evidence necessary for the functioning of the courts.

When Mr. Nixon's special Justice Department prosecutor accused Mr. Nixon of "deceit," it was redundant evidence that these are not happy times for the Department. The Department's troubles began when its former chief, John Mitchell, was indicted for fraud. This happened at about the time it was learned that the man nominated to be head of the FBI had been burning evidence with his discarded Christmas trash. Then, just as the Watergate investigation got going, Mr. Mitchell's successor as Attorney General, Richard Kleindienst, quit. He really did quit. He quit because he was personally close to a number of people like Mr. Mitchell who are deeply involved in the scandals that the Justice Department is investigating. But Mr. Nixon, in a strange move that still irritates Mr. Kleindienst, tersely announced Mr. Kleindienst's resignation during the April 30 speech, so his departure seemed linked in some way to the departures of Mr. Haldeman, Mr. Ehrlichman, and Mr. Dean. This served to produce the impression that Mr. Kleindienst was tainted.

The Department absorbed another blow when the Senate, before confirming Mr. Kleindienst's successor, Elliot Richardson, insisted that Mr. Richardson name a special prosecutor. The most recent blow came at Mr. Agnew's last "press conference." Mr. Agnew vented his suspicion that the Justice Department has been a source of at least some of the news leaks regarding him in connection with an unfolding pattern of payoffs in Maryland.

Because the ancients were right about justice being the primary goal of government, the unpleasantness engulfing the Justice Department is an especially unsettling symptom of the second Nixon Administration's malaise. □

Japan, Inc.

Like bees, or, if you'd rather, ants,
The Japanese machine supplants
Competing firms, though they may yell:
"Japan's a national cartel!"
And yet, few criticize the ant,
Although its competition's scant;
Likewise, most businessmen agree
That honey's a monopoly.
The point of which is to suggest
That if we want to stay abreast,
We'd better eye the insect scene
Instead of playing Mr. Clean.

W. H. von Dreele

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SPECIAL REPORT

Southern Accommodations

JAMES BURNHAM

I SPENT AN August week traveling in the Middle South—Washington, Virginia, North Carolina—on an itinerary dictated in part by the presence of two Europe-resident young grandchildren. I found on getting back North that random observations and impressions coalesced into a pattern, incomplete and rather vague, but coherent enough to define a change since my last visit, three years ago. Let me set down some specifics.

Item. In Petersburg, Va. we visited the large Brown & Williamson plant that churns out 100 million (or maybe it's billion) Viceroys, Raleighs, and Kools every day. Its work force was thoroughly integrated with blacks working not under but alongside whites. Those huge machines are exacting masters, needing constant watching and tending, at which black and white cooperated cheerfully and competently. The guides were both black and white; the young black woman who handled us was good-looking, literate, and confident.

Item. Among the thousands of tourists streaming to Mt. Vernon, we saw no blacks.

Item. There were a good many black tourists at the Capitol. (I recalled that a year ago at Hyde Park there was a high percentage of blacks.)

The Nation's Host

Item. At the large Holiday Inn at Henderson, N.C. there were relatively few black families, but those present were not distinguished by their own attitude and manner or by the treatment and service shown them from the white families. While I was registering, a black couple with one child came up to the desk without a reservation. The Inn was jammed and was shortly to be turning away all comers. A "no vacancy" reply would have been entirely convincing, but the clerk in fact spent several hospitable minutes locating a suitable room. In the dining room and bar, there was no black-white distinction.

Item. A small, considerably cheaper ma-and-pa motel in Asheville, N.C., like others of the same sort in its neighborhood, had whites only.

Item. The staff of a large Exxon service station in Washington was integrated, mostly black; one of the blacks seemed to be in charge.

Item. Customers and often the staff of Howard Johnson restaurants and fast-food chain restaurants were both black and white. But a small family restaurant where we twice ate while in Asheville had no black employees or black customers while we were there.

Item. Customers, and usually staff also, of large supermarkets and large stores were both black and white, but at least some small grocery stores and other shops were of one race only.

Item. Up until a few years ago many blacks drove either oversized Cadillacs and Lincolns or jalopies, but this summer blacks were driving the same Chevvies, Fords, and Plymouths as whites.

Item. From time immemorial, white-owned lawns in the South have been mowed by blacks. In northwest Washington, the enclave of mostly well-to-do whites, the mowing I saw was by the owners themselves or by small professional teams of whites. This seemed to be the present rule also in Asheville's white districts.

Item. This summer the city of Asheville has been sponsoring community get-togethers in the central square each weekend evening, with country bands and singers, and country dancing for citizens and visitors of all ages. We went to one of these with my son John, who lives in Asheville. There were several hundred people on hand; the music (the Bluegrass Sound being pushed in the region) and dancing and the general scene under a bright summer moon were fun. There was not a single black face of any age, though the main black residential district is just off the square. Nor were there any blacks the next day at the large, attractive picnic and play area just off the Blue Ridge Drive.

Item. We neither saw, nor read nor heard of, any unpleasant racial encounter or incident.

As for the pattern, or model, into which these observations seemed to fall, like the crystals in a kaleidoscope coming to rest:

The larger, impersonal, cosmopolitan, bureaucratic institutions and operations, the big corporations, like the vast bureaucratic and military apparatus of the imperial state, are becoming racially integrated. In their personal, social, and cultural life, the races go pretty much their own way.

When I mentioned the monochromatic quality of the Asheville gatherings, John, who is an acute and careful observer, insisted that no element of coercion was involved in the absence of the blacks. The music and dancing were a white affair in which the blacks had no interest; they have their own music and dancing, and their own picnic grounds.

No-Place Is Any-Place

Holiday Inns and post offices, metropolitan banks and factories of big corporations, trains and buses and airplanes, are all located in the abstract no-place that is any-place, in UN-land; whoever enters there is transformed into a colorless UN-person. Small motels, family restaurants and bars, and individually owned stores are, like houses, still inhabited by actual human beings. Given the right to enter all doors, there are many I prefer to stay away from. The home of the slave-owning George Washington—even with its slave quarters now dismantled and no longer mentioned—is not a shrine for blacks, though it is just as open as Hyde Park and the Lincoln Memorial. By unspoken mutual agreement, whites will mow white lawns.

There has been little racial trouble in the South during the last couple of years. I was told that in North Carolina the only incidents have been in the schools, where strains persist. Schools as an institution are intermediary between the personal-tribal life of homes and the abstract world of the bureaucratized mass institutions. If I understand the "Atlanta Plan," for accepting which the NAACP, in accord with its orthodox integration ideology, expelled its Atlanta chapter, it proposes to go easy on coercive integration in return for admit-

(Continues on page 1013)

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DIRTY TRICKS AND ALL

Yes, Virginia, CIA has a Department of Dirty Tricks. If it didn't we should all be sleeping less soundly tonight. The author takes us beyond the scare headlines to where the action is, and should be

The Unmentionable Uses of a CIA

MILES COPELAND

DEAR BILL: I did as I said I would. I went out to those intimidating headquarters buildings of the CIA in Langley, Virginia, and got the party line from the public relations and legal offices. Then I had "not for attribution" interviews with a cross-section of the Agency's top officials, and ran down various old friends who are "intelligence community" insiders and who were willing to exchange confidences—sort of a "private opinion survey," you might say. Finally, presuming on my alumnus status and the fact that I still pass for an expert on several subjects of particular interest to the Agency, I got myself invited to lunch and an afternoon of briefing at the highly secret offices of "Mother," our old friend who now manages "miscellaneous projects," one of which is OCTOPUS, the huge computer which builds profiles of you, me, Daniel Ellsberg, Senator Goldwater, Billy Graham, Allen Ginsberg, John Wayne, Jane Fonda, B. F. Skinner, Vice President Agnew, and millions of other persons who are "in the public eye," as I believe Mr. Haldeman put it.

Mother's office is also the command post for worldwide counterterrorist activity, and for amassing data on "the people's war against imperialism and capitalism," which is behind that part of the terrorism directly endangering the security of the United States. Since Mother has managed to get the cooperation of non-Communist security agencies everywhere, including many "anti-American" ones, his office is unquestionably *the* world's central library for information on politically motivated terrorism. As you would expect, this makes it also the world's principal supply base for the electronic gadgetry used by these security agencies for making secret tape recordings, surreptitiously taking motion pictures of terrorists and supporters of terrorists, and "ringing" the especially important ones (i.e., installing in their anatomies certain minute substances which emit traceable radio signals). It is truly a science-fiction establishment.

In an odd way, Mother himself seems a science-fiction figure—lean, deeply suntanned, grey-haired but ageless (I think I heard somewhere that he is just sixty, but he could be forty—or seventy), expensively tweeded (with those leather elbow patches which became de rigueur for members of the "gentlemen's club" in the days of Allen Dulles), and speaking the precise English of a visitor from another planet who has been computer-programed to look, act, and speak as some intergalactic intelligence would imagine of an officer in his position. His office matches: hunting-lodge motif, with a huge fireplace topped by a portrait of Lyman Kirkpatrick done by Nicholas Egon, leather chairs and sofas, trophies on the walls, and a beautifully beamed sloping ceiling at least twenty feet from the floor at the upper end. (I presume it's a penthouse, although there is no way of telling since the private elevator gives no indication of the floors it passes on the way up, and the large picture windows are fake, beyond which lies what appears to be real daylight until Mother presses a switch to throw a color slide on the far wall and it slowly dims to darkness.) A scrawny greyhound sits by Mother's armchair, chewing on a black fedora which, I was told, was left in Allen Dulles' office twenty years ago by Cardinal Spellman.

The lunch was nothing to rave about —a ballottine of duck with an herbed orange jelly, followed by aspic of fruits de mer, sauce verte, then truffled chicken Kiev with braised endives, then grapefruit sorbet with Izarra for dessert (the wine served throughout was a Ksara rosé, part of a shipment Mother had just received from the Lebanese *chef de Sûreté*)—but there was a fine cognac with the coffee, which relaxed the guests and made them—well, you couldn't say "talkative" but at least *communicative* within the limits of the rules for "calculated indiscretion" that guide members of the CIA cabal when they talk to outsiders.

Around the luncheon table there were Mother, sitting at the end as host, "the Kingfish," "Jojo," "Dandelion,"

Mr. Copeland, author of the very controversial The Game of Nations, *has spent much of his working life in the Middle East, in various capacities.*

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"Lady Windermere," "Wiz," "the Ozzard of Wiz," and two faceless gentlemen who were not important enough or long enough in the service to have anything but ordinary proper names, which I missed. The nicknames show no signs of disappearing, by the way, despite persisting opposition from Personnel, Management, and Security. They are indispensable, Mother says, 1) to dazzle the young officers, 2) to confuse the management experts who are constantly plugging for a more conventional organizational structure, and 3) to give a "low profile" to the real identities of cabal members. Number three is especially important at the moment. It happens that not one single member of the CIA's inner circle has been correctly identified by Jack Anderson or anyone else in connection with his real functions in the Agency.

Mother's colleagues at the table were decidedly not suggestive of science fiction. Except for Jojo and Lady Windermere, who are obvious old-time Washington socialites, the CIA's top "dirty tricks" specialists look exactly like the frustrated liberal intellectuals they in fact are. From innuendos sprinkled through their conversation, it is clear that they would like to be overturning Greek colonels, sabotaging the Portuguese in Africa, and bribing Allende away from his Soviet backers instead of doing the opposite—as is dictated by the circumstances they know about from their secret information. They share the liberal view that the more things you are ashamed of the more respectable you are, but that is as far as it goes.

Take Chile . . .

Whatever their political orientation, they are all appalled at the Watergate affair—if anything, the few conservatives among them more than the others. "We can't even *understand* what the press says about us," Jojo complained. "The headlines say we did horrible things; the articles that follow say we didn't."

For example, *U.S. News & World Report* started an article by asking, "How was the Central Intelligence Agency drawn into a web of domestic political intrigue?" and then went on to make it perfectly clear that the CIA was not drawn into anything. The article said, "White House officials *attempted* to get CIA cooperation in concealment of one aspect of the Watergate case" and "a White House aide tried *unsuccessfully* to persuade the CIA to put up bail and salary money for the seven men arrested for the break-in and bugging of Democratic national headquarters." (The italics are mine, to reflect rises in the voice of Jojo as he read the article.) It then said, "a convicted conspirator has testified that he was pressured to agree to a plan to blame the CIA for the Watergate plot," but it gave no indication that the CIA fell in with the plan or even knew about it. The rest of the article could have been written by Angus Thuermer, the CIA's public-relations officer. It was as lucid an explanation as it is possible to write of how the CIA resisted pressures from the White House and elsewhere.

What seemed to bother my old friends more than anything else was the way the press had been attacking the Agency for the wrong things. "There are articles which fuss about our having done certain things, when they should be fussing about our *not* having done them," said Jojo. "Take Chile, for example."

Everyone nodded sympathetically, feeling no need for elaboration. Agency people assume that it is the duty of the United States Government to back candidates who run against Soviet-backed candidates, in Chile or in any other country where we have legitimate and important interests, and that it shouldn't wait for some commercial concern to remind it of the fact. It happens, though, that the CIA did *not* back candidates in the Chilean elections as it was "accused" of doing, although the Soviets did—to the tune of some $8 million in "miscellaneous costs," as contrasted with the $2 million that ITT executives believed would be enough to bring in a not-anti-American president. The Soviet-backed presidential candidate won out and immediately launched a program of socialist "reforms," which are having the same devastating results in Chile that they have had in all other countries that have tried them. I asked, "But didn't the CIA, as the press says, have plans of its own for sabotaging the economy so as to embarrass Allende?" Silly question. "Our operations," said Jojo, "are always short-term squeezes and they never do real harm. If we were out to ruin Chile we couldn't improve on what Allende is doing without our help."

The charges against the CIA are that it: 1) loaned a wig and other items, all of which could easily have been bought by anyone on Washington's New York Avenue—but did so on orders from the White House, and without knowing what the items were to be used for; 2) gave information to the Justice Department which was later passed on to CREEP for internal purposes—but as a normal transaction with the Justice Department, and without any understanding of what the Justice Department intended to do with the information; 3) *discussed* with the FBI the White House's belief that it should call off investigation of the campaign funds which had been "laundered" through Mexico—but explicitly recommended that it do no such thing; 4) *discussed* the possible use of CIA funds to provide bail for the Watergate men —but refused; 5) provided the FBI with a "psychological profile" of Daniel Ellsberg—which is so trivial a matter as to be beneath discussion, despite the fact that both Dick Helms and his ultimate successor, Bill Colby, later said that such an act was "ill advised." Mother and the others have been involved in intergovernment and intragovernment intrigues all over the world, and they are old-timers in the Battle of Washington, so you would think they were beyond shock and surprise. But I think they are honestly bewildered as to what all the fuss is about.

Good-Will Activities

Most bewildering is the crescendo of complaints over long-standing actions which have been missed until now, but which Watergate has caused to be dug up. Training policemen, for example. The CIA has more counterterrorist know-how than any government agency in the world—it can even be argued that it has more than all other agencies put together, since it pools experiences and information drawn from most of them—and it would seem to be in the public interest for this know-how to be made available to as wide a range of law-enforcement organizations, at least American ones, as can be reached. There is no suggestion that the CIA is trying to gain control over these organizations, or to influence them in any way, or to depart from the law that prohibits the CIA from engaging in operations inside the U.S. All the same, various demagogues in Congress are

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demanding that this good-will activity of the Agency be looked into—and ended. "I realize we're living in an age when supposedly reputable people can object to the new Director of the FBI on the grounds that he is a law-and-order man," said Mother, "but what can be the motives of a congressman who doesn't want the police to get the best counterterrorism training possible?"

When it comes to the question of training foreign police and security officials, the Agency is in a more serious dilemma. It is officially recognized that the CIA is to have an international espionage and counterespionage service, and there has been no serious suggestion that it be disbanded. Yet every time a report reaches the public that even remotely suggests that such a service is in existence, the outcry of the American press exceeds even that of the Soviets. For this reason, the Agency has slowly shifted to what any reasonable observer might regard as a totally liberal position: It now encourages free countries to look after their own security affairs, and gives them the means to do so, without insisting that they run their governments *our* way. "It is a chameleon sort of policy," Mother confessed, "but no one can say it's imperialist—or rather, you wouldn't think anyone could say it's imperialist."

The policy has only recently become a rather touchy subject. Formerly the CIA relied on cozy little deals with *sections* of local security agencies—in Africa, Asia, and South America—to round out its international surveillance capability. The chiefs of the sections were CIA agents; Members of the sections carried out their duties thinking they were acting in the interest of their own governments. When the late President Nasser of Egypt decided to seek out the CIA agents who had made it possible for the American ambassador to warn him of an assassination plot against him, he turned to the very section which was working for the CIA—and which solved the problem by framing a number of Interior Department officials who had been inconveniencing CIA operations. Sometimes, by special off-the-record agreements, local security officials simply turn their backs, as in the case of the chief of security of an anti-American Arab government who showed great indignation at a CIA representative's suggestion that he should cooperate officially with a "capitalist imperialist enemy of the people," then said, "I suppose you know that my office will be unguarded from midnight tonight until 6 A.M. tomorrow; fascist pig that you are, you will undoubtedly send in your men to photocopy my files."

Such arrangements were quite enough for CIA purposes until the airplane hijackings started, along with the increase in murders and kidnappings of diplomats. It now became advisable for the U.S. Government, through the CIA, to get a degree of *admitted* cooperation from the governments where terrorist organizations were based. Until this need arose, the CIA could conceal the fact that it was dealing with obnoxious military dictatorships, Arab governments outspokenly hostile to our friend Israel, and nabobs farther east who habitually bought political time by professing anti-American sentiments. The new policy dictated that many of these odd friendships be surfaced.

Countering Terror

Enough surfaced, that is, for fringe employees of the intelligence community to hear about them and to leak reports of them to crusading journalists. Yes, the U.S. Government, through the CIA, *is* secretly on friendly terms with the Greek colonels, the white governments of Rhodesia and South Africa, and the Portuguese in Africa—and, at the same time, with various oppressive black regimes in Africa, with the Egyptians, and with "Greek colonels" in many countries of the Third World. Yes, in the security field the U.S. Government *is* following a "chameleon policy," similar to the one found so reprehensible in ITT. The justification is simply that its planners can't figure any way it can afford *not* to be on friendly terms with these governments. It cannot do without their facilities. The terrorists of the world are shaping up as the most formidable enemy this country has ever had. The international character of terrorist organizations is nearing a stage where they will be able to deny our access to certain materials we've *got to* have for maintenance not only of military defenses but of our day-to-day peacetime economy. My Agency friends say that this threat is easily the most serious one our country has ever faced—far more serious, for example, than the threat of an atomic war. After all, we are not likely to have an atomic war, but the danger of our losing access to essential materials is "almost a probability"—a CIA evaluator's way of saying that it's nearing the level of a fifty-fifty chance.

This is an aspect of the cold war that has been almost entirely hidden from the public. As you know, the U.S. Government still publishes lists of "strategic" and "critical" materials—metals, botanical products, and other substances on which our productive capacities are totally dependent. But you possibly do not know that the lists that are available to the public are by no means the ones that guide our national-security planners. Some of the substances on them are so rare and of such specialized use that nobody but metallurgists and chemists ever heard of them; yet they are indispensable to the hardening of steel, to making machinery resistant to high temperatures and acids, to the manufacture of electronic products, and for other such purposes. Despite herculean efforts by our scientists to find home-grown substitutes, many of them can be obtained only from abroad. It happens—and it could hardly happen by chance—that those areas of the world where the substances are to be found are exactly those in which local anti-American extremist groups enjoy the greatest monetary, logistical, and administrative support and which comprise the front line of "the people's war against imperialism and capitalism." Since the list of substances for obvious reasons must be kept top secret, together with the facts on how critically dependent we are on them, there is no way the U.S. Government can convey an awareness of the problem to the American public. Those who have access to the information can only writhe in discomfort as uninformed politicians and editorialists state with pious confidence their conviction that the U.S. Government should remain indifferent as countries containing the necessary substances turn hostile to American interests.

The CIA's information on the internationalization of terrorist organizations is alarming, not so much because of what this information shows these organizations to be doing right now, as because of what it shows about the capabilities they are building to be kept in reserve for their D-Day. Radical activity inside the United States is largely "unstructured"; some of it results from genuine frustrations of unorganized or informally organized mi-

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nority groups, some of it results from not-so-genuine frustrations of dissidents who have learned that terrorism can be effective in a permissive society. Inside it all, however, there is unquestionably purposeful direction. The objective is clear: to be able to paralyze the nation's shipping, communications, and manufacture of military matériel in the event we find ourselves in a war with the Soviet Union or with any country, like North Vietnam, that is supported by the Soviet Union. Achievement of the objective is a long way off—or obviously the antiwar demonstrations of recent years would have been more effective—but friends of mine at the FBI with whom I discussed the subject assure me that the capability is growing and that, moreover, we should not take encouragement from the fact that it hasn't been particularly impressive during the past few years. There is reason to believe, they tell me, that the Soviets are happy enough with the outcome of the Vietnam war, that they therefore didn't need to use their subversive resources in the United States, that they are quietly building them for the "Vietnams" of the future, into which they confidently expect to draw us.

"Invasions" of Privacy

Similarly, the CIA is concerned about the growth of "directed" terrorist activity, which is at the heart of all the random ad hoc terrorism that goes on all over the Third World, especially in those countries where strategic substances are located. But it also has to concern itself with the "unstructured" activity, since so much of it, however random it may be, directly and critically affects American interests. Airplane hijackings, kidnapping and murder of American diplomats, sabotage of refineries and pipelines, and assaults on foreigners who dare to be friendly to the U.S.—these must be taken seriously, not only because of the injury to specific victims but because of their psychological effect on all other potential victims. Take the Palestinian Black Septembrists, for example, who have announced that "any person, office, airline, factory, or place which is in any way related to the continued existence of Israel" may be a target of their terrorism. They have made it clear that American citizens, offices, airlines, factories, and places all fill the bill because America's friendship and aid has been the sine qua non of Israel's continued existence.

What do you do when you have that much of yourself to guard? If the enemy is about to charge your Alamo, or send troops through your Khyber Pass, you defend. But how do you defend a million or so possible targets? The single most significant, inescapable fact about modern-day counterterrorism is this: It requires offense, not defense.

If you try to put guards around every conceivable target, you will have the most conspicuous police state in history and will play right into the hands of those who are launching "the people's war against imperialism and capitalism." Instead, you must go on the offensive. You must find out who your would-be attackers are, then sneak into their tents on the eve of their attacks and quietly deal with them. It's the only way.

Unfortunately, this means all sorts of invasions of privacy. In the good old days when "the enemy" was ordinary international Communism, with its clear-cut hierarchical arrangements and its systematic ties with the Soviet KGB, the work of our security and intelligence agencies not only was comparatively easy but involved the conventional kind of penetrations and surveillances at which they had become expert. Penetrate a Communist cell and work your way up. By the mid-Fifties the FBI not only had all "card-carrying" Communists in the U.S. identified and "dataed," but had the Soviet intelligence services, the KGB and the military GRU, so thoroughly penetrated that it could actually influence their direction. The CIA was similarly placed with respect to the Communist parties in other countries and to the non-Communist Soviet-controlled espionage networks growing like weeds in the Third World. And all this involved a minimum invasion of privacy. Out of any ten "card-carrying Communists" only one was a link in the chain and worth watching, and he was easy to identify. The other nine, mere dupes, could be ignored. Today, however, the organizations or informal groupings from which the terrorists emerge have a dupe-to-activist ratio of about a hundred to one, and the one is usually hard to spot. To spot him, the FBI—or the CIA if he is in a foreign country—must maintain surveillance of a wide range of "subjects," most of them innocent.

CIA: No KGB

How wide a range of subjects? I am sure you have not missed the flood of accusations against the government's security agencies, the "repressive system" they have built up and the "Gestapo mentality" which is behind them. In early 1971, a so-called "Citizen's Committee To Investigate the FBI" stole a thousand or so documents from an FBI office in Philadelphia and gleaned from them the hardly startling revelation that the FBI systematically keeps files on persons who pose "a definite threat to the nation's stability and security," as J. Edgar Hoover had said in one of the documents. In the months that followed, it was revealed that the U.S. Army's counterintelligence office maintained files on "potentially subversive persons," that the Treasury Department's Secret Service had files "containing names and aliases of five thousand black people," as Jack Anderson put it, that the CIA was maintaining files on Americans who traveled into countries of particular intelligence interest and that these files contained entries concerning anything they did in the course of their travels which "might make them vulnerable to blackmail pressures," and that all this information was fed into computer databanks where it would stay forever—along with information supplied by

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police agencies (including records of parking tickets and other such misdemeanors), credit investigation agencies, and banks. In 1971, another columnist published an "admission" of the Defense Department that it had computerized security files on 25 million Americans and that the files included information not only on persons regarded as threats to security but on such public figures as George C. Wallace and George S. McGovern.

"True, all true," Mother told me, adding that the total number of files available to his office, thanks partly to his links with the Pentagon's computer but mostly to his own resources, is well over fifty million—a figure which is ten million over the total number of passports in existence in the whole world at any one time. The CIA's computerized files are so nearly complete that they can spot a suspect terrorist by his name, passport number, or description (by a newly devised system which pinpoints a person's permanent characteristics as precisely as a fingerprint)—or an alias or forged passport when these do not properly match. A card on any individual can be retrieved in less than a second. Mother proved this to me by raising a color slide of a young Palestinian terrorist I had inquired about. He pressed a few buttons giving the identifying details, and in less than a second the window lights had dimmed and the young swankie was staring at me from a color picture on the far wall.

Until Watergate, no one at CIA felt any need to apologize. After all, surveillance of Martin Luther King had been okayed by three Presidents, two of them Democrats, and various liberals who were about to complain of "Gestapo tactics" cut themselves short when it was revealed that Vice President Agnew's telephone had been tapped. After Watergate, however, there was all sorts of retroactive anger. It was even suggested that our record-keeping, our telephone-tapping, and our surveillance of ordinary citizens might horrify the Soviets and sour the burgeoning detente.

(You will remember that my inquiries in Washington were made just after Brezhnev had left. A friend of mine in the Secret Service told me that on the only occasion when the embarrassing subject of Watergate came up, someone remarked to Brezhnev that the FBI, the Treasury Department agencies, and the local police tapped "about 4,000 telephones," a total which seemed perfectly reasonable to the Soviet leader—until it dawned on those present that he had understood the figure to be 400,000. After that, great care was taken not to allow the subject to come up again, because no one wanted to admit the true figure, thereby revealing to the hardened old intriguer that we were a lot of trusting fools with only an immature grasp of our security situation.)

Speculation

There is, of course, plenty of justification for anyone's fears that an all-knowing computer bank could become a dangerous instrument of power in the hands of an unscrupulous dictator. Even though it is unlikely that our country will ever allow itself to be ruled by an unscrupulous dictator, it is understandable that such a monstrous capability arouses the fears of all sorts of people. I don't mind having the details of my colorful life recorded in the CIA's computers, and I am sure you have the same feeling about yours, but it makes most people uneasy to feel that an unthinking and unforgetting computer has details of old childhood pranks, parking tickets, unpaid bills, and the like just sitting there waiting to be retrieved—maybe tomorrow, maybe twenty years from now. Ian Ball of the *London Daily Telegram* discovered that the computers of the Bureau of Narcotics contain data on three babies of under three years of age for having been exposed to narcotics by parental neglect. In twenty years or so when one of them applies for a government job, a government loan, or simply a passport, the information will be coughed up. "Obviously," said a Labor MP with whom I discussed the item on a BBC television program, "the amassing of such information is an intolerable invasion of privacy, and the computers should be destroyed."

But, obviously, they are not going to be destroyed—any more than our atomic know-how is going to be destroyed on some weird theory that other nations will follow suit and the self-inflicted ignorance will save us from World War III. We've now got the information, and we're going to keep it. Moreover, those governments under pressure to destroy their personnel data will probably turn it over to us—as, I am told, the British have already. The only satisfactory way to calm all the fears is to ensure that the information is entirely in the hands of incorruptible persons inside an incorruptible organization—a suggestion at which you have hinted in one or two articles.

If Watergate proves anything, it proves that the CIA *is* incorruptible. To support this seemingly rash assertion, the whole story of the friction between the CIA and the "plumbers," and the White House as a whole, needs to be told. Mind you, no single person at the Agency gave me a complete story, or showed any willingness to endorse the one I've put together here, and the bits and pieces I got from old friends were far from enough to free me from the necessity to do *some* speculating. I think, though, that the account I have put together is as complete as anyone is likely to get until Dick Helms writes his memoirs. In any case, there is enough hard information to support my rash assertion. Here goes.

It seems that President Nixon's "preoccupation" (a word used by John Dean in his testimony) with the subject of radical groups and their supposed foreign connections became intense in 1969 when, among other things, he ordered the FBI to prepare a special report on groups in the U.S. receiving support from abroad and the CIA to prepare a report on foreign governments and groups supporting radical groups in America. The FBI complied; it supplied a preliminary report, to be followed a year later by a complete study, which alleged that there were indeed foreign influences at work in America, mainly among black extremists, but which was weak on specifics. The CIA, however, submitted a straight-faced report in which its experts admitted their ignorance. It simply said that it was following certain foreign groups intensively but as yet had no evidence of their ties in America. The report did *not*, as the *New York Times* and other papers have alleged, say that no such ties existed. Mother assures me that he has gone through every scrap of paper the Agency ever issued on the subject, both internally and externally, and that there is not one that says that radical groups in America were "homegrown, indigenous responses to perceived grievances and problems that had been

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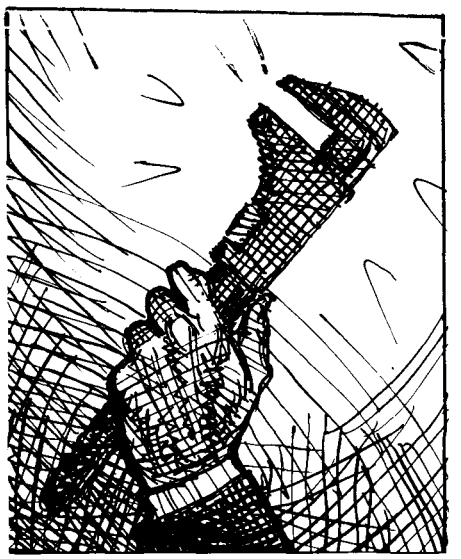
growing for years." All the same, the initial Agency report to the White House on the subject was pretty weak stuff—so much so as to cause Haldeman to remark that it was too much "maybe this maybe that."

During the next two years, the Agency furnished the White House with a series of papers on international terrorism, which were increasingly informative but contained little of the positive proof Mr. Haldeman and others were seeking. The writers could only express "strong suspicion" that contacts between foreign groups and certain domestic groups were in the process of being established, and they contained references which never failed to infuriate the President—references to the possibility that "normal social unrest" might be a contributing factor to the existence of radical groups and that they might well exist in some form even without foreign support. The Agency has since dropped this line, not to please the White House, but because the experts came to believe it beside the point—but White House irritation lingered.

The exchanges with the White House on radical groups were no more satisfactory from the Agency's point of view than from the White House's. The Agency Director, Dick Helms, went over to the White House several times to give oral briefings on the subject, and on each occasion he limped back to Langley with tremendous feelings of frustration because, as he told one of his subordinates, "the President keeps asking the wrong questions," and otherwise showing that instead of understanding the truly dangerous nature of terrorist groups, he persisted in seeing them in terms of campus disturbances, antiwar demonstrations, and other such nuisances. That wasn't all. As election time drew near, it became clearer and clearer that the White House wanted reports from the CIA and from everybody else only to support conclusions already reached, and the conclusions were ones that, with a little embellishment, could be made highly embarrassing to the Democratic Party.

All the while, the CIA's reports on radical groups throughout the world were getting better and better—that is, they contained more hard information that added up to a picture that made sense—but the summaries of those reports sent to the White House were more and more perfunctory. At the same time the Agency's "theoretical" reporting on international relationships of the groups was shaping up nicely—for example, those reports that grew out of studies of "word patterns" in Maoist training manuals, speeches of New Left leaders, articles and editorials by writers suspected of New Left associations, and so on, were beginning to suggest group-to-group and person-to-group connections which were confirmed



by follow-up inquiries. One conclusion of a report resulting from a word pattern study was that a member of Senator McGovern's staff used words and phrases in a way peculiar to secret Soviet manuals for guidance of propagandists and that his talk and writing reflected a certain knowledge that could only have come as the result of intensive study of those manuals.

The Plumbers

This find—or rather this "tentative conclusion," because proof to back it was never found—signaled the end of any serious reporting the CIA might have done for the White House on the subject of radical groups. Had a report of that sort come to the attention of President Eisenhower during his first term of office—that is, a report suggesting that one of Adlai Stevenson's aides might be a Communist agent—the first person he would have told about it would have been Mr. Stevenson. Dick Helms and others at the Agency suspected that if they sent the White House a report suggesting that Senator McGovern might have a Communist in his camp, the Senator would be the *last* to hear about it and would hear about it only under circumstances that would embarrass him the most. So no more reports on personalities went to the White House from the CIA.

By that time the White House didn't care; it had already hired an assortment of misfits and organized them into a special unit later to be known as "the plumbers." To the FBI and the CIA, the plumbers at first admitted only one function: to sniff out leaks to the press emanating from the White House. One of the misfits, however, one Howard Hunt, confided to former associates at the Agency that the main reason for the formation of the unit was the President's dissatisfaction with the reporting of the FBI and the CIA on radical groups, and that the unit would have a second function: to identify leaders of radical groups that were particularly embarrassing to the President and his policies. And a third: to get derogatory information on Democratic presidential aspirants, and any other information that would help President Nixon to get re-elected, and to carry out certain "black" operations to see that the Democratic campaign went the way President Nixon wanted it to go. Hunt confided to his friends at CIA that there would be no quibbling over the fact that the plumbers' unit was at the same time working for the White House and for CREEP, since it was regarded by Haldeman, Ehrlichman, and the others as being "among the resources of the incumbency," i.e., one of the natural advantages enjoyed by a candidate running for an office he already held.

I am told that Hunt passed on this confidence some time before the Agency's Deputy Director, General Walters, lent him all that equipment. Although General Walters didn't know about it, and lent the equipment in good faith, since he knew Hunt was under orders of the White House and he himself was unaware of the reprehensible Third Function, I'm afraid this excuse doesn't let the Agency off the hook. More than one Agency member admitted to me that the thought of Hunt breaking into the office of Dan Ellsberg's psychiatrist wearing that red wig would have been irresistible—or "too much," as Lady Windermere, the CIA cosmetician, put it to me over Sunday afternoon tea in her Georgetown apartment. From what I heard about Hunt, I'm sure I wouldn't have been able to resist—especially since

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there was every possibility that he would make the entry in some Abbott and Costello fashion and get himself and his associates caught.

As every red-blooded American must have already figured out for himself, the FBI already had quietly photocopied the psychiatrist's files, just as it may be presumed to have photocopied quietly every other extant document in the United States that may give clues leading to who is and who is not working for the Soviets (Haldeman and Ehrlichman, remember, were convinced that Ellsberg definitely *was* a Soviet agent, so Ellsberg has the FBI to thank for giving them doubts). A red-blooded American could also understand that even had Hunt been caught in "fragrant delectus," as my FBI friend said, the incident would have rated a couple of paragraphs in the *Washington Post* and that would have been the end of it, were it not for all the other parts of the scandal. What is so frightening is that the White House would hire Hunt for anything.

As I remember Hunt, he is a nice enough guy who is such a romantic that he would possibly like to have a criminal turn of mind (it would help in his role of novelist) but he is deplorably lacking in one. He had never been a CIA agent; he was 100 per cent a desk man, whose operational experience consisted of kibitzing, from an administrative standpoint, some of the operations into Cuba. "I wouldn't have trusted him to steal an apple from a Covent Garden fruit market," one of his former superiors told me, while swearing that the White House employed Hunt without bothering to ask anyone at the Agency about him. "If Haldeman or anybody else had called to ask, 'What about Hunt?' we would have laughed," he said.

The same goes for the other key figures in the Watergate break-in—except Jim McCord. McCord is entirely a "security wallah," as the supercilious eggheads in Summaries call those faceless men who make the rounds of Langley offices after working hours in quest of safes left open, top-secret papers left on desks, and ribbons left on typewriters. McCord was their over-all supervisor, and he brought considerable imagination to what is normally a totally routine job—for example, he set the traps which caught a secretary in Summaries red-handed in the act of removing papers to take to a crusading Washington columnist. Also, he distinguished himself in the eyes of Dick Helms on an occasion when a Dutch manufacturer of electronic gadgetry was demonstrating some ultrasophisticated electronic "sneakies." The Dutch salesman announced that over twenty items of gadgetry had been hidden in the exhibition room and invited his CIA guests to find them. They looked and they couldn't find a single one. Then the Dutchman set about to uncover them, and *he* couldn't find them. Jim McCord had sneaked into the room before the demonstration, found them all, and removed them. "Jim is one fine operator," said Helms, the guest of honor on this occasion.

A Set-Up?

So how did one fine operator like McCord get himself involved in the Watergate mess? Do you know how long it takes for a CIA-trained operator to get into an office like the one in Watergate, install a microphone, and get the hell out? It takes less than one minute, and it requires a team of exactly two persons, the operator and a lookout. But at Watergate, Jim McCord, who had undergone the training and knew the procedure, had entered the Democratic offices with Abbott, Costello, the four Marx brothers, and the Keystone Cops, and had horsed around for almost half an hour without a lookout. (I am told on good authority that Hunt and Liddy were *not* waiting outside but had for some reason left the scene.) Although no one at Langley would come right out and admit it, the laughs, the grotesquely affected looks of innocence, and the genuine looks of pleasure that appeared on everyone's face whom I asked, "What *really* happened at Watergate?" convince me that, with or without explicit instructions from someone in the Agency, McCord took Hunt and Liddy into a trap. After all, the CIA specialists in operations of the plumbers' kind had a lot to gain from putting the White House's clowns out of business. The ultimate consequences were a high price to pay, but, after all, it wasn't the Agency that had to pay it.

Every so often, the Director of the CIA, the "DCI," gives a non-order like the one attributed to Henry II, "Who will free me from this turbulent priest?" Maybe the hint is picked up down the line; maybe it isn't. It all depends on the Agency's system of "fuses," which makes the Agency almost totally impervious to anyone's efforts to corrupt it. Here is the way the fuses work.

Let us say, for the sake of example, that the President orders the CIA Director to send some of his boys out to follow Senator Ervin as he makes his usual rounds of Washington nightclubs. The Director, let us say for the sake of example, is a weak chap who prefers holding onto his job to being sent off to Teheran as ambassador, so he says, "Yessir, Mr. President," and returns to his office to comply. Since he can hardly be expected to conduct the surveillance personally, he passes the order to the chief of some division most likely to have surveillance facilities inside the U.S. Like the DCI, the division chief cannot himself conduct the surveillance, so he has to call in some members of his staff to make plans for the surveillance, someone else to choose the personnel to carry it out. Moreover, since he can't move or equip personnel without the concurrence of the over-all operations officer who works directly for the "DDP," the head of the "dirty tricks department," he has to bring yet another four or five officers into the operation. If he *doesn't* do all this (if, for example, the DCI has instructed him to bypass the usual procedures), the personnel who are to conduct the actual surveillance will refuse to move —since every one of them is working for the CIA as an organization and not for the Director personally, and knows full well that taking action without a "trip ticket," i.e., a written order endorsed by some four or five "controls," is a sure way of getting fired.

Blowing a Fuse

So what happens? The DCI, hot from the White House, calls in the Chief of Division X and orders him to get cracking on a surveillance of Senator Ervin. The Chief of Division X, also a weakling who likes his job (let us say), calls in his plans officer and his operations officer and passes the word on to them. And so on and so on. Sooner or later, at least one officer down the line either says no, with adequate means at his disposal for making the no stick, or he "loses the papers," as the old-timers say. And since those in the act are certain that at least one of their number will act as the fuse and "blow," it is quite possible that they will all blow. Any-

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how, the word goes back to the DCI either: 1) that the operation was launched but ran into difficulties and had to be abandoned; 2) that it couldn't be run except in a way that would involve risks of disclosure that might embarrass the White House; 3) that the operation has been launched, when it in fact hasn't, but isn't producing anything worthwhile; 4) that—well, any one of a dozen or more excuses, the more far-fetched the better, since the boys down the line don't want to run the risk of causing the Director to believe their excuses. Once he has caught the point that they are only trying to protect him, along with the Agency, they can sit down with him to concoct an excuse plausible enough for the White House. But they never, never explicitly refuse to carry out his command, or tell him anything that would "involve" him, as that ominous word is now being used around Washington. It is a sort of "turbulent priest" treatment in reverse.

I am told that the press has uncovered only a fraction of the "requests" made of the CIA by the White House. The Agency was asked to follow up on investigations the FBI was supposed to be making but was found out not to be making; it was asked to have prominent Democrats followed when they made visits abroad; it was asked to "cooperate" with the Internal Revenue Service in maintaining surveillance of numbered Swiss bank accounts—presumably in the hope of spotting the odd Democrat in the act of "laundering" his funds. On one occasion, Jojo's office was asked for an LSD-type drug, developed by the Chinese and being studied by CIA chemists, which could be slipped into the lemonade of Democratic orators, thus causing them to say sillier things than they would say anyhow. To this day, some of my friends at the Agency are convinced that Howard Hunt or Gordon Liddy or somebody got hold of a variety of the drug and slipped it into Senator Muskie's lemonade before his famous weeping scene. After long harassment by such requests, it is easy to imagine that when Howard Hunt asked for that wig the Deputy Director shrugged, said "what the hell," and gave it to him.

But there was another reason why Agency officers could have felt it entirely proper to lend equipment, provided it was not classified, to Howard Hunt. According to CIA policy, when the appropriate officer gets a request for material assistance from another responsible agency—or, certainly, from the White House—he carefully refrains from asking what the material is to be used for. In the case of Hunt, it would have been silly to say to someone with White House credentials, "Just a minute, old man. Before we lend you this wig we want to know exactly what you are going to do with it. A fancy dress ball, maybe?" More important, whoever did the lending would quite rightly fear some weird answer—and, having got it, would then have the choice of turning down a request from the White House or lending the material knowing what it was to be used for, thus associating himself with a lunatic project.

At the same time, Agency officers are not averse to accepting information volunteered—especially information on the doings of an organization that was endangering its mission. Hunt had never been an "agent" during the time he was actually employed by the CIA, but he became one after he had retired, an agent inside the plumbers—an expendable one (unlike McCord), but nonetheless an agent. He was therefore worth humoring.

If you've ever had the experience of giving information to the CIA, you know how impassive its professionals can be: They listen with friendly interest, making you feel that what you say is of the greatest importance, but they are totally noncommittal. You have no no idea whether or not you are being believed, or whether there is approval or disapproval of what you are saying. I doubt therefore that Hunt sensed the fascinated horror with which his former associates at the Agency listened to his stories of the plumbers. Because they were all amateurs (what Ehrlichman said in his testimony about their being "experienced operatives" is far from the truth), and because they had wild imaginations, the plumbers were capable of almost any kind of nonsense. At first, it seemed that their imaginations and bumbling would confine them to "dirty tricks" to win the campaign—rather than lead them into the kind of mess they did in fact get into.

Until the day of the Haldemans and the Ehrlichmans the Agency's integrity had never been challenged, and perhaps the system was getting lax. From now on, to *fail* to question a doubtful order will be a very foolish thing to do—possibly, even, in the eyes of the person who gives the order. Many orders will be given by senior officials under pressure who know they can count on someone down the line to "lose the papers." The officer down the line who fails to spot incidents where he is supposed to lose the papers will, as before, be beyond explicit punishment, but he will thereafter suffer "inconveniences." Since there are no stupid people in the Agency, it will be assumed that he is being malicious, that he is practicing that bit of CIA operational mischief, "the most subtle form of insubordination is to take a stupid order and carry it out to the letter." I well remember Mother's once having to "inconvenience" a smart-ass young officer who, at the time of one of the numerous flaps over chemical-warfare stores, received an order to "destroy all supplies of special drugs," and did exactly that, burning up a million dollars or so worth of sodium pentothal, LSD, aphrodisiacs, and other operational goodies, together with their "balancers." This sort of nonsense is not likely to be repeated.

No Need to Worry

More important, the public can count on the Agency not to use its operational goodies—except, of course, in instances where it is clearly in the interest of national security for it to do so. It has all sorts of weird and wonderful gadgets, chemicals, and what-not, mainly because the Soviets and the Chinese have them, and it cannot afford to be without complete knowledge of them. The same goes for the masses of personality data which it has in its files, the mere existence of which could be "an invasion of privacy." To Agency officers, to destroy such information in deference to this notion would be comparable to suppression of knowledge in the Middle Ages because it was somehow contrary to the religious beliefs of the time. Thus, the CIA is going to hold on to its know-how, its special equipment, and its knowledge, and if Bill Colby gets orders to destroy them, someone down the line can be counted on to "lose the papers." At the same time, no one need worry that they will be misused—or even used. I'm not so sure the Agency will do anything right in the future; but my researches of the past few weeks convince me that it will never, never do anything wrong.

All the best . . .

MILES □

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YAF CONVENTION

Remember

CHRISTOPHER MANION

THE SEVENTH BIENNIAL Convention of Young Americans for Freedom was beginning in Washington's Sheraton-Park Hotel, and there I was standing in the lobby on the morning of Wednesday, August 15, wondering how I was supposed to cover a convention that went on in several places at once, when I suddenly discovered that my watch was still on Indiana time and I was 15 minutes late for the first press conference. An ominous beginning—but I hadn't missed a thing. Ron Docksai and Wayne Thorburn trying to explain YAF to the world, and the press trying to find out about Watergate. And, since the press' gain is the world's loss, the world didn't find out that YAF was meeting to receive encouragement and direction from some of conservatism's greatest, to honor our returned POWs and remember the MIAs, to elect some officers, and maybe learn something.

The press, I repeat, had something else in mind. "If YAF condemns this scandal, which reaches to the highest level of the Administration, won't it be a personal slap in the face of the President?" As an outsider, I hadn't yet been informed that a Washington news conference was either true-false or multiple choice; but we broke up before it got painful, and were all late for the opening session, where several hundred (final count: 678) delegates welcomed each other and cheered John Ashbrook —"I am an American conservative first and a Republican second." A man of principle proven in battle, and the crowd could hardly wait to say amen.

Speaking of amen, Harold O. J. Brown had led the group in prayer and had outlined his musings on the possibility of an eventual agreement on something fundamental between traditional Christians and atheistic libertarians. YAF has some of both, I'm told, and I was kind of curious, so after the session we went across Connecticut Avenue to the Café Napoleon. (When I asked the French-looking waiter, *"Est-ce que vous avez une salle de bain,"* he replied, "No, no, no!"—and I turned and said, "My God, Joe, they don't even have a bathroom!" The waiter interrupted in an Iberian accent, "No, we have *bathroom,* we no speak *French.*")

Chris Manion sang his POW song at the YAF Convention. It will soon be available commercially.

Well, we kind of agreed that "conservative principles" are often more like commandments than metaphysical first principles, and we aren't going to be saved by metaphysics anyway, so we have to make some sort of common front against the aggressor . . . and Joe (Harvard '53) recited from his alma mater something that went like this: "Be the herald of truth and the bearer of light/Till the stock of the Puritans dies."

WHEN I got back to the hotel, I found that there were only three workshops scheduled for 3 o'clock, and I had managed to miss them all: Things did get worse as the convention progressed, however. And I did make the session on abortion at 4:30, where about thirty people agreed that abortion should be illegal, all for different reasons, while one girl spoke in favor and then disappeared from our midst. Of the big domestic issues (marijuana, amnesty, abortion), abortion commanded the most attention and the most dedicated participants. The majority of the delegates were against it, but they couldn't quite decide how to fight Justice Powell—quite fitting, since his approach to the matter didn't set blazing precedents for clarity. In any case, high-school kids who hadn't thought much about fundamental philosophy since they signed the Sharon Statement were beginning to realize how important those fundamentals were.

Wednesday evening we got the good news and the bad news. The good news was William F. Buckley Jr., whose keynote address struck a delicate balance of entertaining education—pickling Schlesinger, Galbraith, Sidey, Galbraith, Kennedy, Galbraith—and restored that sense of the ridiculous which so troubled Screwtape and his beloved nephew. The bad news was Nixon's speech; and the reaction (for which the press was all ears) did not consist of spontaneous demonstrations for more mandates. "This Administration was elected to control inflation [scattered laughs], to reduce the power and size of government [chortles] . . . to preserve and defend those fundamental values that have made America great [hoots], to achieve peace with honor in Southeast Asia [hollers] . . . to build a new prosperity without inflation and without war [general hilarity]": It didn't fly. "It's not going over with the American people any more than it went over here." "He spent about thirty minutes doing nothing, as far as I'm concerned." BBC interviewed one staunch Nixon supporter, while everyone else stood around and generally disagreed.

But the evening was yet young, and we went politicking, following various candidates around to the caucuses of the sovereign states. Even though we began at midnight, candidates were treated very seriously; I managed to "interview" one of them (a winner, as it turned out): a business major, senior in college, working in a photo lab (which explained why he had the best posters), and tired of his liberal professors ("I read this book by Heilbroner and had to write a paper on it; I really tore it apart, and the prof *flunked* me; man, I barely made it out of that course"). His "hospitality suite" was jumping with Fifties music (the crib era for most of the delegates) and the place was full of conservative frolic ("Legalize beef!") and song sheets seemed to appear out of nowhere:

In the Kremlin, down in Moscow, in the fall of '39,/Sat a Russian and a Prussian drawing up the Party Line./ Oh my darlin', oh my darlin', oh my darlin' Party Line . . .

The campaigns went on and I went home. The cab driver wanted to know about the "kids" and about Nixon: "I carried him when he was a senator, carried his kids when they were still wearing braces; he was very congenial, very cordial, a hard-working man—worked like hell right here in the back seat . . . hey, listen, you young kids gotta keep at it, I mean work, work,

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work. Who knows, you might be another Winston Churchill."

ALICE LONGWORTH is the greatest hostess in the world. She found me in her kitchen about 3 A.M., a potential Churchill looking through the notes and schedules, figuring out how many panels I'd missed; asked me to tell Nicholas von Hoffman (who was making as many hospitality suites as I was) that she derived a "sinister, disloyal pleasure" from him. But he wasn't there the next day, so I hope somebody tells him.

Thursday. The cabbie is into morals for the young set—we need some good kids in the system; this country's goin' sour. *Welcome to Young Americans for Freedom—We Believe in America.* Inside to brunch and Jesse Helms, tremendous man. Prolonged standing ovation for "my loyalty, like your loyalty, is to the principles of American conservatism, not to any particular regime." The press, as usual, wants to know about Watergate.

Off to the General Session—George Roche telling the kids that ideas have consequences; Stan Evans telling them that liberals have peculiar intellectual inclinations toward selective amnesia; and Reed Larson on the Right to Work Committee and ideas in action. The group breaks up and the Reverend Henry Mitchell tells me about his North Star Mission in Chicago and how the government manages to meddle in every possible way: "Brother Manion, that minimum wage is keepin' our young boys outa work, we got no place to turn. They raise that minimum wage and we get our boys back on the street, on dope in the devil's workshop." Well, that's one workshop that *wasn't* scheduled this week, but the platform committee on domestic affairs had been going for thirty minutes when I arrived, and nothing had changed, so I went to get ready for the banquet.

Barry was great. We were raised on him, in our hearts he was always right. An American eagle forty feet high behind him . . . "Pleased to greet the guests at the head table, especially Dean Manion, without whom there wouldn't have been a *Conscience of a Conservative*"—I learn something every day. And what a great speech—the big issues, the recurring message—conservative principles would have kept us out of all this; and the press found little to quote against Nixon besides a reference to the "stinking mess" of Watergate, so they all quoted that. And then he was off to the West Coast, and the local campaigning began again.

Outside the Fifties music suite, I met Steve Rudloff, a POW who had roomed in Hanoi with a classmate of mine from Notre Dame. Steve's wife, Marie, and Commander Bucher were really glad to be with a bunch of true believers who hadn't forgotten them. The next morning at brunch (nobody got much sleep), Steve talked about the MIAs, how over a hundred were known to have been captured alive (official U.S. position notwithstanding). Commander Bucher, really persuasive, emphasizing the present ("any government that can freeze wages and prices can't be all good"), and very, very happy to be with YAF again. "It is morally right for the United States to extend freedom throughout the world." Then Ann O'Connor and Rod Norberg, who head an organization called Youth Concerned about the 1,300 MIAs: She's 18, plans to go around the world with a million signatures, wants YAF to help make Hanoi listen. The morning has one theme: *Remember.*

But somethin's been a-buggin' me since I've been home awhile/The people here are livin' high and doin' it in style./They act as though if somethin's out of sight, it's out of mind./It looks like they could use the years I spent on borrowed time./Yes, we're living on borrowed time.

Then afternoon, and J. Alan MacKay on pre-Woodstock YAF, and receptions and awards for Clarence Manion, Leonard Read, and John Chamberlain; then off to the National Zoo to see the double-wattled cassowary and the panda bears—"a partnership in conservation" (pandas—and we—are endangered species).

For the future of Taiwan Nixon had no cares,/So he traded Chiang Kai-shek for two Panda Bears./Mao Tse-tung, Mao Tse-tung, sure the East is red;/So's the U.S. nowadays, with Nixon at its head. (Sung to the tune of "Aura Lee.")

Back via a Greek restaurant (more Spanish waiters) to Herman Kahn in defense of hypocrisy (the exact opposite of complete permissiveness). The Calvinist paradox—God makes the good wealthy, but wealth corrupts—more entertaining education. A board member tells me that the politics gets the kids here so they can benefit from the educators; and the educators are great. The last panel is the best, on (what else?) the conservative tradition in America. And, since so much can be said about it, they all say too little. Nuggets everywhere—all worthy of their own story.

It's all over too quickly—on to the nominations. "Our candidate is not dedicated to any single faction, but to the principles of every YAF member." (*That's* a trick!) The glorious and the vainglorious march arm in arm, and politics emerges unscathed from the sandlot. ("Didn't you know that over one-half the board is Catholic? Hell, those converts are the worst. That one guy carries pictures of saints around in his wallet.")

Deck the halls with Commie corpses, falalalala, lala lala.

Saturday's elections and platform sessions were no match for the biggest event of the week—the Salute to the POWs and the commemoration of the MIAs and their fallen comrades. "A patriotic orgy," with Commander Bucher and Lieutenant Stephen Harris of the *Pueblo*; Colonel Joseph Cataldo, the medical officer on the Sontay raid; 13 former POWs, and the wife and son of a man still unaccounted for, with a birthday party for a six-year-old who had never seen his father. Pat O'Brien reading "America the Beautiful"—the highlight of the convention: *Remember.*

SUNDAY the convention closed, and the kids went home. Howie Phillips brought back the realities: If Nixon is stymied by Watergate, the conservatives might have to tell him to go; the liberals, no doubt, would like to leave him hanging there, "turning slowly in the wind." But the abiding message remained: YAF embodies an able, very dedicated group of young Americans whose common sense tells them that something is very wrong, and if they don't do anything, nobody will. And, while the rest of the country is "mired down in Watergate," the kids are talking issues and principles and boning up and buying books and finding out about grad schools and jobs and are taking their citizenship seriously. The time and the effort that the conservative community invested in YAF in its young years are paying off in its maturity. □

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WORLD YOUTH FESTIVAL

Peace-Loving Plodders

SHELBY TUCKER

THIS WAS NOT my first World Youth Festival. I had been to the one in Moscow in 1957. There an atmosphere of unreality prevailed: free tickets to the Bolshoi, to the Moscow Circus, and to a chess exhibition at which a Soviet Grandmaster defeated three hundred challengers simultaneously; a meeting with Comrade Khrushchev at which the delegates shook his hand; a day-long parade when the Youth of the World were carted about the city in flat-bed trucks and given sacks full of metal badges to distribute to the Russians in the streets below; and at the end an all-expenses-paid trip to China as guests of the Chinese Youth League (when I returned to England the dean of my college fined me £5 for "going to China without the dean's permission"). I retain on the whole youthful and happy memories of the Moscow Festival, which had about it something of a Roman Saturnalia, Pamplona, midsummer night in Sweden, Munich's Oktoberfest, and the World Scout Jamboree. The anti-Stalinist mood of the Soviets was at its crest and stringent political positions unvoguish.

The organizers of the Tenth World Youth Festival, held in Berlin this summer, were plainly ambitious for more than grand entertainment. As the president of the World Federation of Trade Unions declared at a press conference: "The atmosphere of the Festival was determined by the peace-loving forces." The official program made the same point differently: "The Tenth World Festival of Youth and Students in Berlin . . . will become . . . a big demonstration of the unity of youth in the anti-imperialist struggle." Just so.

Saturday, July 18, was given over to the opening ceremony in the World Youth Stadium. The delegations from 114 countries marched around the stadium vaunting flags and costumes, chanting slogans and carrying placards which denounced imperialism in a variety of ways: "OUT WITH U.S. BASES," "NON A LA BANQUE SUISSE ET LES MONOPOLES DU MONDE," "ALL HAIL THE MEMORY OF THE MARTYRS OF SUDANESE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC FRONT." Only the Chinese, Albanians, and Israelis, by not participating, and the Yugoslavs, by their placards, struck discordant notes. "PEACEFUL COEXISTENCE INSEPARABLE FROM RESPECTING SOVEREIGNTY" and "WE ALL DECIDE UPON THE WORLD'S FUTURE," proclaimed the chauvinist Yugoslavs.

After the march 61-year-old Erich Honecker, the East German youth leader, gave a cordial speech affirming that the German Democratic Republic strongly espoused the cause of peace. There were gymnastic displays and band music; several hundred doves were released from cages and, terrified, flew rapidly out of sight; parachutes sent aloft by rockets burst open and floated down with the flags of the participating countries; a runner carried a solidarity torch and ignited a solidarity flame high over the stadium. To top it all, 100,000 blue-shirted Free German Youth clapped hands and shouted "Peace, friendship, solidarity" in unison. The opening ceremony won the praises of its organizers. "An excellent event," they said, "imbued with a militant spirit." It lasted nearly nine hours.

SUNDAY'S Motto of the Day was "Solidarity with the peoples, youth, and students of Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia—now more than ever!" While 35,000 ribboned runners affirmed sympathies for the incompletely liberated people of Indochina by trotting along routes charted through all eight boroughs of East Berlin, dedication ceremonies were held at the International Student's Club, the International Club of the Friends of Children, and the Students Accuse Imperialism Center. Both the Vietminh and the Vietcong marshaled a parade of heroes to speak at these occasions, including Nguyen Trien, aged 27, who had defused 32 bombs, survived 293 air-raids, and was buried alive 15 times, and Nguyen Thi Hoa, who had put over 250 enemy soldiers out of combat. Now that the Paris agreement had terminated her fighting obligations, said Nguyen Thi Hoa, she would be able to overcome her illiteracy. The Laotians gave a performance of national music which included a dance, "The People Arise." "With breathtaking dancing and in moving, fighting songs," reviewed an East German critic, "the girls and boys of the patriotic youth of Laos told of their struggle for freedom and national independence. A fascinated audience applauded the group of girls for their 'Dance in the Moonlight' and the duo that sang 'Song of the Peace Dove.' "

MONDAY dealt with the Middle East. Young Building Workers and Young Chemical Workers also met and the Protest Song Competition began. They were scarcely noticed, however, above the tumult of the "mass meeting of solidarity with the Arab peoples against the aggressive expansionist policy of Israel, against imperialism and reaction, for freedom and social advance." An Indian at the Youth Accuses Imperialism Center reminded the audience: "The youth of India, without mincing words, would like to condemn Israeli expansionism and the subtle designs of the American government." Said a Nigerian delegate wearing sunglasses: "I proceed from the premise that Zionism is the modern form of Fascism."

Tuesday opened on the same note. Dedicated to African, Latin American, and Asian problems, it provided opportunity for meetings of solidarity among contingents of Free German Youth and progressives representing 15 countries; the Czechoslovak delegation presented to the Democratic Republic of Vietnam two tractors and ten bicycles. At a ceremony held at the Buchenwald National Memorial Site to commemorate the victims of capitalist Fascism, the representative of Gay People for Socialism attempted to lay a wreath for the thirty thousand homosexuals who died there. He was rebuffed. Those conferences, seminars, work-

(Continues on page 1010)

Mr. Tucker, an undergraduate when he attended his first World Youth Festival in 1957, covers the 1973 event as a free-lance journalist, based in Oxford, England.

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

Ballsless in Peking

Wang Chiang is a broken man. At one point he hands Ms. Wang the household savings in a leather pouch. Might as well be the scrotum it so perfectly resembles. The play is about psychic castration on a scale so immense that your local capon manufactory seems a stud farm by comparison. And it has the vacant businesslike horror of an efficiency expert's recommendations for Auschwitz.

The Women's Representative by Sun Yu pulled down first prize in the 1953 Peking People's Playwriting Contest. Now it's off-off Broadway playing to packed houses of a dozen. The program states: "Drama as persuasion, as propaganda, and as a means to agitate is of extreme importance to the Communists." You betcha, Charlie. In Western tragedy the protagonist grows, changes: Supporting players are more or less static. In People's drama the protagonist is one-dimensional as a posted handbill. He or she enforces change. Ripeness is nothing. There are no Lears, no Hamlets in Peking. To be or not to be has a counterrevolutionary tone. The conjunction "or" has been liquidated. It implies doubt: more than one option. As art, People's theater comes in just behind a hard-sell TV spot: It is shrill, boring; the flip of a two-headed dime has more dramatic possibilities.

Yet it fascinates: the tick-tock swing of a hypnotist's watch fob. Power alliances skip a class or two. In Western Europe, monarchy and bourgeoisie double-teamed the nobility. A Chinese power elite unleashed peasant women to neutralize male peasant recalcitrance. Mao, the sexual competition, glaring down from bedroom wall after bedroom wall, a doughy Engelbert Humperdinck pin-up, cuckolding Everyman. And if women resist, Mao will make love to the pigs and chickens.

Plot unfolds like a corroded bridge table. Wang Chiang has been out of town for three months. Meanwhile, back at the paddy, Ms. Wang hustles like a Scarsdale clubwoman, the imperturbable infant papoosed under one arm. She's been elected women's chairperson: This confers perquisites to send a Tammany precinct boss into male estrus. Ms. Wang has opened a Protestant-work-ethic franchise. The village girls attend literacy class, knit rice sacks from old straw night and day. Her conversation is the Girl Scout pledge set to a goosestep. I would've busted her chops, but then I talk back to recorded phone messages. Guess I'm uninsurable, come the revolution. Ms. Wang sasses the honorable mother-in-law, gets her midwife-aunt for malpractice: The old feudal family system goes down for the third time, gurgling.

Enter Chiang. Cold rice; no wife. In a refreshing moment he uses page ten of Chairman Mao's thoughts to roll his cigarette. Mother and aunt maneuver around him like predators: Who wears the padded pajama pants anyway? Enter wife. Chiang goes for her with a bullwhip. But Ms. Wang's got great moves. She jukes him out of his slippers. Chiang takes a header halfway through the ricepaper bay window. Ms. Wang, with athletic symbolism, breaks the whip over her knee. In his three months' absence the state has a) forbidden wife beating and b) invented divorce. Chiang orders her out. A mistake: The state has also mandated joint ownership of land. She packs deed and baby. Furthermore, "One room in three is mine. I shall have it torn down." Presumably the middle room, leaving Chiang with an empty lot between kitchen and bed. Fission in the nuclear family. Chiang capitulates, hands over his privates, lives subserviently ever after.

ONE ASPECT intrigues: the capitalist rhetoric. Ms. Wang converts her spare-time rice-sack income to little luxury items: rich food, classy slippers. She signs Aunt Niu up for a midwifery course at the district hospital. Pension and benefits; a professional in the family. The arguments reduce to self-interest. Dialectical materialism is immaterial. Neither Marx nor Mao gets mentioned, though Mao's face hangs like a grotesque piñata over the buffet. Chiang sees the light when an oxcart delivers his wife's largesse. A program note: "The Communist government has encouraged theater until almost every village has a space where performances are given by local and traveling drama troupes." The message—in 1953 at least—was hardly abstract: Communism brings silk stockings and scented soap. We recruit Avon ladies with the same come-on.

The Women's Representative gets what it earns: a Charlie Chan Number One son production. Eyelids wear false epicanthi; nervous hands fist and splay

at the waist, as if working a vocal gearshift. It's at the understudy-for-an-apprentice level. Dialogue seems spoken from page top downward, rather than left-right. Normal elisions are omitted; verb contractions don't, do not, apply. It's a queer but common presumption:

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that foreigners don't speak their own language as well as we do English. Program note: "We find the Communist playwrite [sic] using farce to move her characters through the convenience of plot and the demands of the socialist censor." Farce here means that Wang Chiang has been made to look like a bumptious Step 'n' Fetchit. He burns his hand on a pot lid, gets ears boxed by Ms. Wang elder, rips his pants—and even the slapstick business is dull, appears to have lost in translation. Perhaps the sic has its aptness: There is a difference between writing and wrighting a play.

I'M CURIOUS. The plays that went prizeless: Were they better or worse? Chairman Mao has said, "All literature and art are created for the workers, peasants, and soldiers and are for their use." Use: Christ, what a heinous word. Beyond ceramic ashtrays there can be no use in art. Next time someone tells you Communism is an indigenous people's movement, mention *The Women's Representative*. Empathize a moment. Imagine how the indigenous peasant male felt when it hit the nabes—fat with a first-prize sanction. Gelded. Dead. Five thousand years' way of life under capital sentence. And when Wang Chiang, a powerless surrogate, took his curtain call, did they even dare applaud their sympathy? □

FILM

DAVID BRUDNOY

T.G.I.F.

Thank God it's fall. Late summer films, traditionally, are the pits. Add to that the inanity of the "obscenity" ruling handed down by the Nine Old Men, and the attendant rush to ban everything in sight (below the waist, at least), and, well, it's not been very pleasant either seeing or thinking about the movies these last weeks.

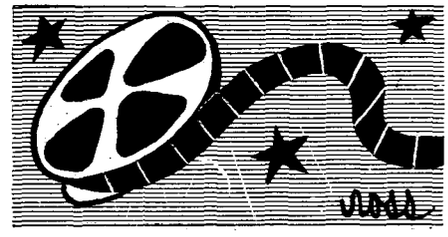
Far be it from me, a film nut and a First Amendment semi-absolutist, to call for *censoring* anything in the movies, though part of the purpose of film criticism is to advise readers who, presumably, respect the critic's taste what repels him. Start this month with *Dillinger*, which is no more violent than *Bonnie and Clyde*, but whose gratuitous slaughter nauseated me. It's an old, tired, ultimately boring ploy, which I'll eschew here, to observe that what remains OK on screen after the Supreme Court dictum filters down—obnoxious violence—was originally considered obscene (from the Latin *obscenus*, meaning repulsive), and that our tolerance of it, while we simultaneously carry on like French whores about sex on screen, says something, maybe even something revealing, about our values.

Well, I fight a losing battle with my conservative brethren when I rail against the recent High Court ruling. Then I turn to travesties on taste like *Dillinger*, and I wonder about my antagonism toward censorship. Sure, it documents the pursuit of Dillinger and his gang—Babyface Nelson, Pretty Boy Floyd, et al.—by G-man Purvis, J. Edgar's top agent. And since Babyface had an unnatural taste for zapping everyone in sight, by all means show it. That stuff, the Greeks banished from the stage. But it is, after all, just good family fun, and plays everywhere, while Georgia bans *Carnal Knowledge*. Warren Oates and Ben Johnson are repulsive as Dillinger and Purvis, the camera work is excellent, Cloris Leachman scintillates in a walk-on, and the hideousness of death by machine-gun fire comes, you'll pardon the joke, alive.

But what is one to say, having said that, about *Live and Let Die*, the latest James Bond idiocy? Is it that, for once in this era of blaxploitation fantasies depending for their sole appeal on wanton cruelty and racist portrayals of all Negroes as macho heroes and all whites as disgusting knaves, this film's reversal satisfies some craving for turnabout as fair play? I don't know. Whatever, Roger Moore takes up where Sean Connery and whatsisname left off as 007. Moore's hair never musses, his crinkly forehead's adorable, he really should exercise off that spare tire or avoid bare-chest scenes, but his taste in women is up to par and his betes noires are, well, unspeakably vicious noirs. The McCartneys, Linda and Paul, wrote the splendid title song, Paul and the Wings sing it; the titles are unbeatable; Yaphet Kotto plays the arch-villain, Julius W. Harris is Kotto's human-claw henchman, Geoffrey Holder vamps deliciously in his voodoo-man routine, slaughter pervades every moment, and I *liked* it, dammit. Maybe it's the heat.

SHORT TAKES: Paul Newman's *The Mackintosh Man* starts off with some ponderous business about diamond stealing, slides into a political morality number of witless relativism (the ostensibly right-wing MP, James Mason, is *actually* in league with the Commies, don't you know, so . . .), and ends leaving a taste in the mouth of having been had. Dominique Sanda breathes as Newman's girl. We presume *he* can understand her, because no one else can, so indeterminate and pointless is her accent. Mason saves the scenes he's in. *The Mackintosh Man* is for undiscriminating Newman groupies, but that's about it.

I commented earlier this summer on a zippy May-December romance frolic,



Love and Pain and the Whole Damn Thing, which worked thanks to Maggie Smith. Liv Ullmann and Edward Albert aren't up to it, not in *40 Carats*, the same situation notwithstanding. Ullmann, who excelled in that ignored masterpiece last year, *The Emigrants*, is dippy here, like *40 Carats* itself.

Tom Sawyer owes less to Mark Twain than to the *Reader's Digest*, which correctly gauged America's taste for drivel, and bankrolled the movie. Maybe it's better that young viewers and their harried parents, who increasingly search vainly for something they can take the kids to, get a hint of Clemens than nothing at all. But I'm not sure. This bit of fluff, this pap sugarplum, this film ripped off from a

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D. Keith Mano *and* **David Brudnoy** *need no introduction. . . .* **"G---y W---s"** *(no kin to* the *G---y W---s) appears in his article as himself: M. J. S----n Jr.*

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great novel of free spirits combatting rigid authority, is goody-goody and tear-wrenching and awful.

Let the Good Times Roll evokes *my* decade, the Fifties: greasers, convertibles, leather jackets, Adlai, Nikita, Judy Garland, Chuck Berry, Bo Didley —a documentary that works. Then there's *O Lucky Man!*, Lindsay Anderson's latest stab at the Meaningful Movie, with Malcolm McDowell the pilgrim progressing through (one is urged, and urged, to believe) *important* episodes saying something about our cruddy society in this age of junk. Abysmally pretentious and three hours too long.

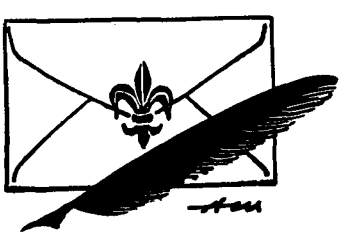
Last time 'round, *Hail* disappeared before it went national. It played Boston, where I saw it; evidently it went nowhere else. Now it's back, thanks to Watergate, as *Hail to the Chief*. Mr. Nixon, mayhaps, warrants our disgust, but he has my compassion after this cheap-shot attempt, à la MacBird, to malign him as a crazed butcher barricaded behind his White House guard. Yes, art imitates nature, and all that, but sometimes "art" simply smells. *Hail to the Chief* is playing everywhere, to the universal praises of the underground press and the leftist Nixonphobes. No one on the vice squad will say a word. But watch out, Linda Lovelace. □

OCCASIONS

G---Y W---S

A Visit with Dr. Johnson

On Monday, April 1, I called upon Dr. Johnson, and found him in company with four young gentlemen whose names I cannot now recall, except that of Mr. Sobran, an earnest, foppish young fellow, who teazed Dr. Johnson with pedantick recollection of remarks ascribed to him by Mr. James Boswell. For some time Mr. Sobran failed to perceive Johnson's annoyance. SOBRAN. "I think it a great evil that capital punishment has fallen into disuse. He that takes another's life, justly forfeits his own. Beside, the example of his death may prevent another murder." JOHNSON. "I don't think so, Sir." WILLS. "No indeed; for no man murders with the expectation that he will be detected. Therefore the murderer's death, which cannot restore the life of his victim, can serve no purpose, and must be merely vindictive." JOHNSON (smiling). "You have said well, Sir. A man drunkenly supposes his neighbor to have cheated him at gaming, and breaks his head, with no thought of the magistrate." SOBRAN. "Why, Dr. Johnson, I am surprized that you should agree with Mr. Wills on this matter." JOHNSON. "Why, Sir?" SOBRAN. "Mr. Boswell relates, in his *Tour to the Hebrides*, that you spoke of the ancient law which *requires blood for blood* as *eternal and immutable*." JOHNSON (angrily). "Don't *Boswellise* me, Sir; if Boswell says so, Boswell lies." SOBRAN. "But, Sir, your own *Rambler* mentions those who have *forfeited their lives*, by crimes against the commonly accepted morals of mankind." JOHNSON. "I was a young fool when I wrote that, Sir; and I find it the commonly accepted opinion of young fools" (laughing exultantly).



I observed, that Mr. Mailer had done more than any living author to propagate wisdom and virtue. "Sir (said Johnson, his eyes sparkling benignantly), you are right."

We talked of *Communism*, and of the enthusiastick opposition to it which had arisen in America. JOHNSON. "The opposition has resulted in more barbarity than Communism itself." I observed, that no nation might lawfully attack another, except in the case of a direct attack upon itself. JOHNSON. "Why, yes, Sir. This is the universal opinion of mankind." SOBRAN. "But Dr. Johnson: May we not apply to the Communists the principle you have invoked against the Mahometans?" JOHNSON. "What principle is that, Sir?" SOBRAN. "You said: 'The lawfulness and justice of the *holy wars* have been much disputed; but perhaps there is a principle on which the question may be easily determined. If it be part of the religion of the Mahometans, to extirpate by the sword all other religions, it is, by the law of self-defence, lawful for men of every other religion, and for Christians among others, to make war upon Mahometans, as men obliged by their own principles to make war upon Christians, and only lying in wait till opportunity shall promise them success.' " JOHNSON (hesitating). "Does Boswell ascribe this to me?" SOBRAN. "No, Sir. You wrote it yourself, in your notes to Shakespeare." Here Johnson gave him a look of reproach, but said nothing.

I observed, that Mr. D---d E--------r resembled *Howdy Doody*, a puppet in a vulgar amusement. Johnson was much

diverted at this pleasant sally. "Sir (said he, laughing), this is mighty risible."

We talked of the severity of laws prohibiting the smoking of marijuana. WILLS. "I don't think it so great a vice as is generally supposed." JOHNSON. "To be sure, it is not. What proportion does this mild intoxication bear to the miseries of a state in which Negroes are perpetually depressed in an unnatural condition of poverty and degradation?" Here Mr. Sobran objected, and pulled from his pocket a copy of *Rasselas*, from which he was about to read; but Johnson interrupted him. JOHNSON (in great indignation). "Why, Sir, are you so grossly ignorant of the principles of civility, as to *vex* me before this company with my former opinions? Sir, you are impudent."

At these words, Mr. Sobran was much abashed, and hastily rose, taking his leave of the company in great confusion. We all fell silent at Johnson's violence. When Mr. Sobran had gone, Johnson said, "This is a solemn, laughable fellow. He demands such consistency as perhaps no mortal ever attained. (Broodingly) I hate a *quoter*." I observed, that licentious quoting was a vice frequently discovered among the young. "Sir (said he, gravely), truer words were never spoken."

We talked of Father Berrigan . . . □

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BOOKS

A Foreign Policy without a Country

RICHARD J. WHALEN

The Retreat of American Power
By Henry Brandon
Doubleday, 368 pp., $8.95
Kissinger: Portrait of a Mind
By Stephen R. Graubard
Norton, 288 pp., $7.95

Until the Watergate revelations spilled into the Oval Office some months ago, the media consensus on the Nixon Administration was that its domestic policies were, of course, disastrous but its foreign policies, highlighted by the presidential journeys to Peking and Moscow and the SALT agreements, were bold and successful. As a result Henry Kissinger, Nixon's one-man foreign ministry, enjoyed a singular position of favor. But no more. When it was revealed that Kissinger had approved tapping the telephones of his subordinates and their suspected contacts in the press, he too got his feet wet and the clay began to dissolve.

Now Kissinger, in the phrase of *Newsweek*'s Shana Alexander, one of his circle of boosters in better days, is "a sorrowful and bitter figure." More interestingly, in a recent column she shared Kissinger's assessment of what Watergate has wrought. "The American people don't yet realize how gravely wounded the country is," he reportedly told her. "This is Dunkirk." *Dunkirk?* The analogy is peculiar, to say the least. Those taking to the boats in Washington these days bear no resemblance to a gallant but outgunned army; rather, they are failed *apparatchiks* who, having been found out, are not above ratting on one another.

Henry Brandon, who has reported from Washington for the *Sunday Times* of London for almost a quarter-century, is another of Kissinger's journalistic intimates, a status attested by the fact that Brandon's telephone was among those tapped. (This breach of good manners did not, however, prevent the attendance of the Brandons at Kissinger's sumptuous fiftieth birthday banquet, which gives a nice indication of the going price of insidership.) From the perspective of his long experience as a privileged observer, Brandon has produced the best account thus far of the radical and as yet little appreciated transformation of U.S. foreign policy under Richard Nixon and his chosen instrument of personal statecraft, Henry K.

The word "retreat" in his title is no overstatement. As Brandon explains, it "can simply be used to describe a drawing back to a new position, or it can imply diminution, reduction. The U.S. retreat that is now in progress is a mixture of drawing back from overextended forward commitments to less exposed and therefore more secure ones, and of the recognition that even the richest country in the world needs to husband its resources at home and abroad more economically and effectively." Brandon writes as though this recognition were an actuality, firmly embedded in U.S. policies. Unfortunately, it is not, and so retreat could turn into rout in the years ahead.

Brandon expresses conventional liberal enthusiasm for U.S.-Soviet detente, rapprochement with Peking, arms-limitation agreements, and ratification of the Soviet-dominated status quo in the center of Europe, all of which flow from growing U.S. weakness and the perception of this reality by allies and enemies alike. What makes his book worth reading is his grasp, which few American journalists share, of the source of American weakness. "It was the decline of the dollar rather than 'parity' with the Soviets in nuclear weapons that weakened American influence in the world," Brandon writes. Rather, it was the *combination* of the dollar's decline *and* the unwillingness of the U.S. to repair the leaky nuclear umbrella that caused exposed allies such as West Germany to act on their doubts and seek a separate accommodation with the Soviets.

Nixon and Kissinger have prided themselves on practicing a diplomacy based on realpolitik and balance of power. The President, ever the supersalesman, has indulged himself in some wowsers: "I think it will be a safer world and a better world if we have a strong, healthy United States, Europe, Soviet Union, China, Japan, each balancing the other, not playing one against the other, an even balance." But neither of the men who assumed sole responsibility for U.S. foreign policy had any interest in "boring" economics, which was the mainstay of American strength and influence in the world. Nor did they have any patience with a nation such as Japan—by far the

Richard J. Whalen *is author of* Catch the Falling Flag, *an early critique of the Nixon Administration.* . . . **J. L. Johnson** *is a Washington authority on strategic weapons.* . . . **Jack Chatfield** *teaches at the Watkinson School in Hartford, Connecticut.*

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most important in Asia—whose relations with the U.S. were artificially forced into the economic sphere alone by our imposed wish. By any rational standard, the gratuitous estrangement of Japan during the Nixon years is a failure that more than offsets tentative gains realized by kowtowing to Mainland China.

Within the main arena of superpower relations, the U.S. has played an incredibly dumb hand even when it held the aces, as witness the grain giveaway to the Soviets last year. Nixon, in a previous incarnation, roundly condemned John F. Kennedy's sale of wheat to the Soviets, but he himself stripped our reserves (and ultimately the supermarket meat counters) in return for—what? Did the Soviets promise to deliver the North Vietnamese as participants in a lasting Indochina peace? If so, they and their client reneged. Did the Soviets pledge cooperation on the vexing question of strategic-arms limitation and mutual force reduction? Not likely. Why should they when the U.S. shows a disposition to yield and offer concessions whenever Moscow growls? If JFK or LBJ had come home with the Treaty of Moscow, the old Nixon probably would have demanded impeachment. There is not a shred of evidence to indicate that the U.S. has received anything substantial—except free time on Moscow television—for economic benefits bestowed on the Soviets. But there is good reason to suppose that Nixon and Kissinger have promised considerably more than they are in a position to deliver.

In his press briefing following the recent Nixon-Brezhnev summit, Kissinger was asked about the much publicized deals to develop Siberian energy resources with U.S. capital and technology in return for payment in output some years hence. Brezhnev and the Soviet press had raised great expectations about such one-sided deals, evidently banking on official U.S. encouragement, but Kissinger was constrained to declare that "the projects have not yet been formulated into practical economic propositions." Is it any wonder that the Soviets have been almost completely silent about Watergate? They are waiting for those "propositions" to materialize. Should they be disappointed and react accordingly, the onus will fall on, not the American people for failing to support a foreign policy they do not understand, but on Nixon and Kissinger, who fail to understand the limits of their power to manipulate a system such as ours, which, thankfully, cannot be committed to long-term misadventures by presidential fiat and against the will of its representative institutions.

There is no "irony," as some suppose, in the support for the Nixon-Kissinger policy displayed by the Soviets and the Communist Chinese while the American people turn away. The Soviets want handouts, and the Chinese Communists have a million excellent reasons on their border for desiring a closer relationship with the U.S. The American people turn away because they see no apparent benefit to themselves or their children in helping build up systems that are sworn to the eventual destruction of the U.S.

NEITHER Nixon nor Kissinger, for all their undoubted qualities of intellect, has a sure intuitive sense of this country, its people, and their guiding sentiments. The evidence of Nixon's poor acquaintance with his countrymen is abundant. We are indebted to Stephen Graubard, a friend of Kissinger's since their days as graduate students at Harvard in the early 1950s, for synopsizing everything his subject has written over the past two decades, and thereby demonstrating that the brilliant refugee remains an unassimilated outsider—a European by heritage and cultural choice, a cosmopolitan by circumstance, an American by deliberate (and hazardous) calculation. When Kissinger, fatigued by settling the fate of Indochina, opened his heart to the bitchy Italian journalist Oriana Fallaci and likened himself to a solitary cowboy hero ("Americans admire that enormously"), he revealed the derivative nature of his national identity in almost pathetic fashion. He cuts a dashing figure in chic drawing-rooms; ordinary Americans would never mistake him for John Wayne.

The Nixon-Kissinger foreign policy is the kinkiest since Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Hopkins redrew the map of the world upstairs at the White House. The latter pair at least had the excuse of a global war for their oversights, and in any event they admitted to being amateurs. Nixon and Kissinger, the coolly professional technicians, are bumblers on a far grander scale. They have conceived and executed in deepest secrecy a policy avowedly based on enduring national interest, yet characterized by sudden and sometimes ruthlessly unpredictable spasms of unilateral whim. They have detached themselves from the American public, the Congress, the foreign-policy establishment, and many of our allies, and have behaved in a manner more appropriate to a totalitarian state than a democratic republic at the heart of worldwide security and economic system.

Contrary to Kissinger's apprehension, neither the American people nor our confused allies feels the pain of the "grave wound" that so worries him, for the sufficient reason that they have never felt direct involvement in the Nixon-Kissinger policies or their outcome. What is lacking, in the architects and their handiwork alike, is a foundation in the country they purport to represent. What they will leave behind, predictably, is weakness and peril compounded. □

Cold Dawn: The Story of SALT
By John Newhouse
Holt, 302 pp., $7.95

GRAINS OF SALT

J. L. JOHNSON

Let me say that on laying out eight greens for this book I felt decidedly ripped off. It is so shabbily got up that the binding and printing of Hong Kong bootlegs sparkle and flash by comparison. I'm told even Newhouse's old boss J. W. Fulbright consigns it to the shelf down low behind the gin-chest hidden from view beside *A World Restored* and *A Rebours*.

Still, if your dentist hasn't saved the six *New Yorker* installments and you don't wish to wait for the paperback, it is worth the price. It is the most comprehensive account of SALT I we are ever likely to get and the most accurate until the major players themselves tell all. Newhouse, you see, had settled upon him the unique benefice of substantial and sustained access to much inside material. Which of the major players was most responsible for this philanthropy is doubted by few in Washington.

Cold Dawn is directed at two audiences, laity and initiate, and in fairness, separate critical judgments are war-

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RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: Harrison Salisbury collects fifty pieces from the *N.Y. Times* Op Ed page in *The Indignant Years* (Crown, $6.95; paperback, $3.95). . . . *The Lyrics of Noel Coward* is a complete collection from Viking ($12.95). The same house assembles Graham Greene's *Collected Stories* ($10). . . . Henry Maule's *The Great Battles of World War II* is big and lavish (Regnery, $14.95).

■ OCTOBER BOOKS: Arthur Schlesinger Jr. inveighs against *The Imperial Presidency* —well, against *some* Presidents (Houghton, $5.95). . . . Gunnar Myrdal's new collection of essays on economics is mistitled *Against the Stream* (Pantheon, $10). . . . Daniel P. Moynihan calls his new batch of essays *Coping: On the Practice of Government* (Random, $10). Another essay collection from the same publishers is Truman Capote's *The Dogs Bark: Private Places and Public People* ($8.95). Also from Random, Maria Elena de la Iglesia's *The Catalogue of America by Mail* ($10; paperback, $4.95). . . . From Knopf: James Conaway's *Judge: The Life and Times of Leander Perez* ($6.95); Antonia (*Mary Queen of Scots*) Fraser's *Cromwell* ($12.50); and V. S. Pritchett's *Balzac* ($15).

Michael and Mollie Hardwick have an interesting idea in *The Charles Dickens Encyclopedia* (Scribners, $15). . . . *NR*'s Bill Rusher, Sen. Mark Hatfield, and ACLU's Arlie Schardt debate *Amnesty?* (Sun River, $5.95). . . . *Breathes There the Man: 136 Heroic Ballads and Poems of the English-Speaking Peoples* was assembled by late *NR* editor Frank S. Meyer (Open Court, $10). For the same publisher, *NR* contributor Stephen Tonsor enlarges on *Tradition and Reform in Education* ($8.95). . . . For rugged types, James Joseph's *250 Careers Out-of-Doors* (Regnery, $8.95; paperback, $4.95).

■ CHRISTMAS AT KNOPF. Mountain climber Ronald W. Clark ascends *The Alps* (Sept., $15.95). Boleslaw and Marie-Louise d'Otrange Mastai include over 250 color plates in *The Stars and Stripes: Two Hundred Years of the American Flag as Art* (Oct., $25). Lincoln Kirstein's illustrated *New York City Ballet* is touted as "the best ballet book ever published" (Oct., $25). Alistair Cooke's tour of *America* is illustrated (Oct., $15). Virginia Cowles does a word-and-picture portrait of *The Rothschilds* through the centuries (Oct., $15 till Jan. 1, then $17.50).

■ STATISTICS: Book-industry sales passed $3 billion for the second year in 1972 but showed the smallest percentage of growth (3 per cent) since the early Fifties. Textbooks dropped, hardcover trade books rose a respectable 5 per cent, paperbacks shot up 14 per cent, religious books 13 per cent.

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ranted for each. As contemporary history for the reading public it is an excellent job, simplifying the abstruse and ordering a perplexing tangle of interrelated events to present a highly readable, balanced account of the policy process of the SALT negotiations. As an interpretive account by a practicing member of the strategic-policy community directed at his peers, however, the book is flawed.

THERE IS first the inherent problem of a book based on leaks. Leaks are self-serving by nature. As Dean Acheson has reminded us, in no memorandum of conversation has the author ever come out second best. On the whole, Newhouse has recognized this problem and deals with it well, although in several instances he was really snookered—but leave that to the memoirs.

A more serious defect is the author's treatment of the spectrum of debate on strategic policy. While no two strategists agree completely on anything, the serious policy community is divided between two contending faiths. The first of these was developed in the Johnson Administration by Defense Secretary Robert McNamara and his retainers and is called minimum deterrence, or more popularly MAD, for Mutual Assured Destruction. Its dogma is that killing weapons is bad, killing people is good. All you need for stable deterrence is to ensure that our population is hostage to the Russians and that we can kill *x* per cent of the Russian population. ABM is therefore bad, and offensive systems beyond the small number needed to kill urban populations are useless. This strange theology is the orthodoxy of the Democratic government in exile and its seers along the Charles River.

The Nixon Administration and the national-security intellectuals from whom it draws nourishment adhere to a contrary faith, now generally called Sufficiency. This doctrine rejects MAD as fundamentally irrational. As Henry Kissinger has put it, Sufficiency requires forces adequate to provide a President with other retaliatory options besides a direct attack on millions of people. Thus MIRV is good, ABM is good, SS-9 is bad, and numbers count.

This debate between contending theologies lies at the heart of the SALT process and, hence, the heart of *Cold Dawn*. Newhouse's treatment of this debate unfortunately is inadequate and, yes, skewed. As a practicing deacon of the MAD faith, he lays out its tenets fully and cogently as befits what he calls "the supreme dogma of the ascendant branch of the defense and arms-control communities." Its chief prophet is McNamara: "It was in nuclear strategy that McNamara seems to have done best." Stability, Newhouse tells us, demands that each of the two societies stands wholly exposed to the destructive power of the other. It is this pentecostal revelation, according to the author, that led the Russians to abandon their ABM, not, as those apostates of the other persuasion believe, that the Russians found the U.S. technological lead in ABM insurmountable and the problem of covering their vast land mass insuperable.

MIRV and ABM are judged by the author to have been mindless responses to Soviet threats that never emerged, and both systems are dismissed as of dubious merit. He deals sternly with the ABM heresy. Its support was at best hollow and after Panofsky's "most convincing case" against it, the doctrinal struggle for ABM was lost (though the vote was won). From there it "slid into disrepute." To this one is tempted to reply *fidem scit*.

The pagan tenets of Sufficiency, alas, are treated not altogether seriously, but worthy of prayer. He quite falsely claims the Nixon Administration itself has been born again in MAD through total immersion. This presumably because many MAD communicants remain in the bureaucracy.

Herein lies the book's really serious defect. Newhouse clearly had limited access to some real decision-makers. But most of his sources were lower down the staff hierarchy and here great distortion crept in. He seems to have dealt almost exclusively with those chaps in and out of the bureaucracy

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who work the same inbred circuit—Brookings, Carnegie, Kennedy Institute, Ford, Council on Foreign Relations, and ISS—that he does. We read page upon unctuous page of chummy accounts of the sagacity of "Pete" Scoville, "Butch" Fisher, "Ray" Garthoff, "Mort" Halperin, and Paul Warnke. It is rather like writing a book on the modernist movement in the Church, relying solely on retired bishops for sources.

LIVING IN that Alice-in-Wonderland atmosphere, Newhouse can say honestly that MAD is the supreme dogma and that no serious voice can be found to defend ABM. They still chant those same litanies along Massachusetts Avenue and in the revival tents along the Charles, just as they did when they were running things. What is odd, though, is that Newhouse really seems to think they still play a determining role in policy. Still, in a sense, he can't be blamed. His colleagues at Brookings would call it a problem of his "socialization process."

The author cannot be excused, however, for the gross omission of any discussion of the legislative battle for approval of the agreements. That was at least as momentous as the process leading to the agreements themselves. In the debate and adoption of the Jackson Amendment calling for equality in intercontinental systems, the Senate joined the Administration in explicitly rejecting MAD and endorsing the Jackson-Kissinger view of Sufficiency—i.e., numbers count. To Newhouse and the Charles River gang this was a bitter pill, but instead of describing it, he chooses to act as if it did not happen. Jackson he dismisses as a lonely figure with no articulate or visible support.

There are related errors worth mentioning. His sources for the final act, the year leading up to the signing, seem especially skimpy compared to those of earlier periods, and this is a pity because most of the action was in the final year. His sources obviously want to keep something for their own memoirs. And his assertion that everyone believed the May 8 mining and bombing decision would end the summit, while true perhaps of Brookings, is untrue of the White House.

I would also disagree with Newhouse as to the degree, though not the fact, of uniformed-service parochialism. Watching the Air Force sabotage Trident and the Navy undermine B-1 is indeed distressing, but there are some occasions when the Services do put the national interest first.

Newhouse makes some useful observations here and there. His account of the National Security Council staff is particularly good. His judgments that the talks should have been paced more slowly and that we often seemed to start negotiating from our fallback position are quite sound.

On balance, the book is well worth reading (with appropriate grains of salt), but to get the real inside skinny we shall have to wait until you-know-who's memoirs tell us what the butler really saw. □

Radical Visions and American Dreams
By Richard Pell
Harper and Row, 424 pp., $12.50

MORE TIDY THAN TRUE

JACK CHATFIELD

Since the Second World War historians of American culture and politics have been at work systematically undermining the notion, popularized by Charles Beard, Vernon Parrington, and their students, that the country's history is a saga of relentless economic and ideological conflict and, moreover, one in which a vigorous tradition of idealistic "radicalism" plays a major role. Not all post-progressive historians discount conflict as thoroughly as, say, Louis Hartz or Daniel Boorstin. Indeed, Richard Hofstadter co-edited a documentary history of American violence; and he attacked what he considered the simplicities and omissions of "consensus" history in the concluding chapter of his book on the progressive historians.

But writers who have examined episodes of democratic "ferment"—abolitionism, prison reform, unionism, feminism, and progressivism—have discovered that old categories of Left, Right, and Center are practically useless as tools for understanding the American past. What emerges from the work of this generation of historians is more in line with Durkheim than with Marx. Beneath the surface agitation and clamor for change are instincts that are nothing if not profoundly conservative: a longing for stability, for community, for rootedness, for the integrating myths and values that define a culture and give it direction and weight.

Richard Pell is a former student of Rutgers historian Warren Susman, whose lively and intelligent essay on the 1930s in *The Development of an American Culture* (1970) is a re-examination of the "Red Decade." Susman believes that the leftism of the Thirties has been exaggerated and many leftists misunderstood. He finds that recent memoirs "reinforce significant new scholarship that reveals not only a fascination with the 'proletariat' and a literature and reportage concerned with industrial workers, strikes, and coming revolution, but also a widespread agrarian utopianism, in the North as well as the South, a deep interest in communitarian ventures that smacks more of the America of Brook Farm than of the USSR of Five-Year Plans." The Thirties, concludes Susman, "was *the* decade of participation and belonging. This is obvious on almost every level of cultural development."

PELL'S BOOK is a detailed exposition of this theme. In the literature of the Depression years—novels, criticism, histories, memoirs, and works of social analysis—Pell finds not ideology but a desperate longing for cultural cohesiveness, for continuity in social life, for identity and commitment. Intellectuals like Stuart Chase were as intoxicated by Mexican folk culture (a world without machines and clocks) as by the engine-driven, begrimed Stakhanovism of Russia. And it is symptomatic of the contradictions of the age that Chase wrote that only Mexico and the Soviet Union gave him "psychological and spiritual" satisfaction. What the intellectuals were seeking was the permanent community rather than the Communist future.

> It was the vision of human beings as capable of total assimilation with their environment and fellow men [writes Pell], no longer suffering from the isolation and loneliness with which Americans lived, that most appealed to the intellectuals in the 1930s. Where private enterprise seemed to separate people from one another, reducing

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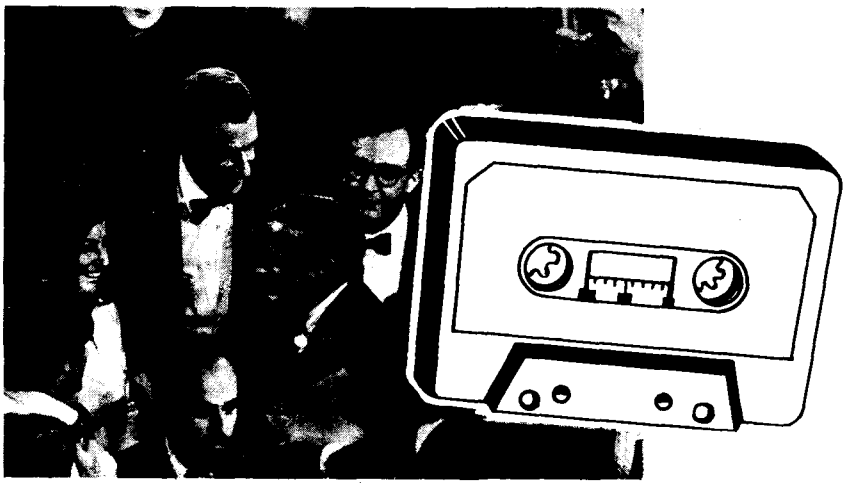

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every relationship to a function of the marketplace, peasant (and by implication socialist) societies exalted communal responsibility over personal aggrandizement. Again, the creation of such a community was essentially a cultural rather than a political aspiration; it depended more on man's innate social impulses than on his commitment to any ideology.

Pursuing this controlling premise through 368 long pages, Pell analyzes novelists like Robert Cantwell, John Dos Passos, and Daniel Fuchs and finds in each a nostalgic longing for a vanished past. In the disparate writings of Lewis Mumford and the Nashville agrarians, he discovers common ground: a deeply felt disillusionment with industrial society. In detective films and in Chaplin comedies he sees the individual struggling against the frantic pace of our technological and commercial world. If much of this is unoriginal, and some of it obvious enough to be banal, at least Pell's book has the merit of tying things together, of detecting a pattern that fits the literary and cinematic outpourings of the decade. His quotes from prominent intellectuals like Edmund Wilson, Stuart Chase, and Granville Hicks, if familiar, are illuminating and continually fascinating. And there is real insight in his handling of Cantwell's *The Land of Plenty*, Chaplin's *The Great Dictator*, Hammett's *The Maltese Falcon*, and the writings of Reinhold Niebuhr, Sidney Hook, and the *Partisan Review* intellectuals.

But if Pell's analytical framework is productive, it is also cramping. Some authors—O'Neill, Fitzgerald, and Wolfe—do not appear in his book because they "simply did not fit into any category on which I was relying." It was for this reason that Parrington wrote off Poe. Neither Parrington nor Pell claims to be a literary critic, but the mistake both make is thinking that one may analyze literature without getting into what might be called the "critical thicket"—a world of complexity and richness of language and theme. Writers like Alfred Kazin and Edmund Wilson, because of the way they think and write, bring life to their subjects. One re-reads sections of *Patriotic Gore* and *On Native Grounds* as one re-reads a Hawthorne short story or *Billy Budd*, not because criticism is fiction but because it is a work of the imagination. Pell's long and increasingly tedious book more often than not deadens his subjects. The authors he studies appear not as imaginative personalities but as obedient retrievers who surface every few pages with ideas in their mouths. If, like Wolfe, O'Neill, and Fitzgerald, they don't have the ideas, they are put back into the kennel. I am not questioning Pell's right to scrutinize certain authors and exempt others. What I am questioning is his approach to artists and literature. Pell has no sense of the moment in a movie or a book, no sense of the word, of expression as more than the vehicle for an idea. He does not understand that language is substance. This may be why his own writing—tidy, precise—is so monotonous. It is architectural rather than literary. It divides sentences into squares filled with the familiar categories. Nowhere is this more numbing than in his treatment of those he loves best, like James Agee: "Therefore, Agee placed his faith in a union of innocence and consciousness, intuition and intelligence, simplicity and sophistication." "Instead he demanded of his countrymen both understanding and action, consciousness and commitment, a respect for the sanctity of each man and a willingness to transform the entire society." "Ultimately, he held out to men an existential vision of the world that emphasized doubt rather than certainty, struggle rather than acceptance, engagement rather than withdrawal."

This "inaugural prose," along with its hampering categories, is, as Trilling said of Parrington, "rather too predictable to be continuously interesting." □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

FACING THE LIONS, *by Tom Wicker (Viking, 432 pp., $7.95).* Take a wooden stick of a fictional senator and have him hold nationally televised hearings on the condition of migrant workers. Then pretend that Americans are so electrified by the hearings that the senator is catapulted into contention for the Presidency. Throw in a sexy wife who sleeps around for political reasons and add a bunch of standard Southern politicians. Stir in thousands of irrelevant details and some stock sex scenes. Then strain it all through the consciousness of an incredibly introspective, emotional, skirt-chasing, Southern expatriate newsman who seems afflicted with a severe case of male menopause. The result: another suety study of power and politics in Washington, too slavishly respectful of the conventions of fiction. A fat book, at least two hundred pages overweight. J. R. COYNE JR.

REVOLUTIONARY SUICIDE, *by Huey P. Newton (Harcourt, 333 pp., $8.95).* When not blackwashing his life of crime and pinning blame on cops for all his woes, Huey Newton emerged as Information Minister of the Black Panther party, wrote *To Die for the People*, and now pens this autobiography, which exhorts the masses to surrender themselves to the revolution. Although he disdains the Stokely Carmichael position of support for anyone Negro—"we consider this viewpoint both racist and suicidal. If you support a Black man with a gun who belongs to the military arm of your oppressor, then you are assisting in your own destruction"—and ridicules Eldridge Cleaver's fall from grace, he details an almost all-inclusive case against Caucasian society. But Newton transcends the usual racist screed by offering many valuable clues to help readers understand the depth of his people's resentment of the majority race. Having seen him recently on *Firing Line*, where he philosophized incomprehensibly, I've some doubts as to how much of this quite cogent book is Newton's own; it's billed as "with the assistance of J. Herman Blake." Nevertheless, the man obviously is exceedingly talented, frank, and provocative in explaining his passions. The text, coupled with several photo sections (Huey beaming at Chou, Huey blushing with Congresshuman Chisholm, etc.), reveals the evolution of a nice, bright little colored kid into a troublesome Negro and then into the pin-up boy of black extremism. The back cover has him barechested and pensive, suggesting a future career should he abandon white-baiting: Harry Belafonte II. But can he sing as well as he shoots? D. J. C. BRUDNOY

THE GILBERT AND SULLIVAN COMPANION, *by Leslie Ayre (Dodd, Mead, 485 pp., $12.50).* This is an encyclopedia of Gilbert and Sullivan. The introductory chapter recounts the partnership of poet, composer, and Richard D'Oyly Carte, and the circumstances under which each G&S opera was written and first performed. The bulk of the book, arranged alphabetically, summarizes the plots of the operas and gives the texts of the main solos and ensembles (250 pages), explains most of Gilbert's allusions (who, after all, is Captain Shaw?), and identifies many prominent G&S artists of past and present. Great! Still there are unfortunate omissions, among them: Sullivan's frequent and excellent parodies of Western music (from Anglican plainsong to Wagnerian fire music); those artists who in recent years have performed mainly or entirely outside the D'Oyly Carte Company (from Owen Brannigan to Anna Russell); the superb "World of Gilbert and Sullivan" troupe, led by "renegade" principals from D'Oyly Carte. The recording section (nine pages) was compiled for an English market and will be of limited use to Americans. Still, the positive aspects of the book outweigh the lacks. All G&S devotees, longstanding or recent, will be grateful to Mr. Ayre. W. E. RATLIFF

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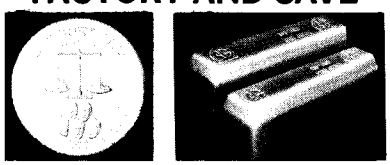

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TUCKER

(Continued from page 1000)

shops, group discussions, symposia, and colloquia culminated that evening in a mass demonstration of solidarity with the Koreans.

The next day, Wednesday, Walter Ulbricht died. Surprisingly, the East Germans seemed indifferent to the passing of their leader. It was business as usual at the Festival. On learning the news, machine builder Peter Dossmann from Pritzwalk said (according to the East German press service), "The sad news reached us in the middle of these great days of friendly encounters with the youth of our fraternal socialist countries, the young fighters from Asia, Africa, and Latin America, the patriots from many other states. We will best commemorate Walter Ulbricht by keeping up our work here at the Festival to help unite the youth of all continents for the common struggle." Law Students, Young Health Workers, Young Technicians and Engineers, and Young Metal Workers met and discussed matters of concern to themselves, while more than a hundred foreign delegates and journalists seized the opportunity to visit the chemical works at Schwedt where "they learned about workers' achievements and the production performance of young people. Schwedt, situated on the Oder River, has a large petroleum refinery that receives Soviet oil via Poland through a pipeline named Friendship. Other local industries include a paper mill."

On Thursday, Angela Davis faced the press and in her capacity as guest of honor said: "The Festival is an eloquent expression of the changed relationship of forces in the world," which in combination with "the magnificent victory of the Vietnamese people over the U.S. Government" demonstrated "an erosion of the strength of imperialism." Elsewhere, delegates from five countries investigated the challenge of pollution and discovered a common answer. "Only Socialism is in a position to solve the problems of the protection of human environment." Later, the National Council of Icelandic Youth showed a color film about the Cod War entitled *David Vanquishes Goliath*, and the day concluded with more mass demonstrations supporting: 1) the youth of Latin America fighting against "dictatorial regimes," 2) the youth of Japan fighting "militarism and the Japanese-American treaty," 3) the youth of Spain, Portugal, and Greece fighting "Fascist regimes," 4) the youth of Northern Ireland fighting "for their civil rights and an end to the outrages of British troops," and 5) the youth and students of the U.S.A. fighting "aggressive imperialist policies, racism, and repression." The representative of Gay People for Socialism contentiously attempted to introduce his viewpoint at an Open Forum and was roundly denounced. The topic, he was told, was inappropriate, i.e., irrelevant, to a socialist context.

Friday. The delegates were invited to rise at 4 A.M. to attend a mass meeting in Dresden marking the 28th anniversary of Hiroshima. For those who remained behind it was a quiet day devoted to the Role and Condition of Girls and Women in Modern Society, to Transport Workers, Young Miners, Young Textile Workers, and Esperantists.

Saturday. Until now everyone had been honored except the East Germans. Our hosts now had the chance to honor themselves. But let the East German press describe what happened:

> Under the slogan PEOPLE, YOUTH, AND STUDENTS OF THE GDR ARE BUILDING SOCIALISM they made a powerful and moving pledge to their Socialist homeland before the eyes of world youth in Berlin. One hundred thousand young builders of Socialism marched from Alexander Platz through Karl Marx Allee to Strausberger Platz in a symphony of colors and tunes, songs, speaking choruses and million-fold shouts, in a sea of flags and small flags, pennants and garlands, fans and scarfs. They hailed with frantic ovations the members of the GDR Party and State Leadership. . . . In the colorful procession young builders marched side by side with young technicians and engineers, workers from brown-coal mines and power stations with fitters and mechanics from mechanical engineering enterprises, young shipbuilders with tractor drivers and co-operative farmers. . . . The inviolable friendship with the Soviet Union and the other states of the Socialist community were depicted just as clearly as the worldwide solidarity with the peoples struggling for their liberation—and the immense hatred of imperialism. Special applause was accorded to the members of the National People's Army. They were carrying Young Pioneers on their arms and shoulders, thus demonstrating their preparedness to defend peaceful life reliably at all times.

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(Continues on page 1013)

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

[MRS. FRANCIS X.] MCALEVEY:

Our Flag and our Anthem.

As an Army nurse following the fall of Corregidor, I was a prisoner of the Japanese in the Philippines for three years. . . . I neither saw our nation's flag nor heard our national anthem. . . . Those who would refuse to honor our flag and/or our anthem obviously have never been denied both.

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TUCKER

(Continued from page 1010)

prise," the press reminded us. "Children and adolescents account for 67 per cent of the film-going public." "At present, there are something like three thousand vocal groups chiefly concerned with political songs in the GDR." "For more than a year now gainfully employed women with three and more children under 17 have had to work only forty hours a week."

Sunday. The representative of Gay People for Socialism was assaulted by a gang of Free German Youth and his literature taken from him. Later when he attempted to march with a placard urging "FREEDOM UNDER SOCIALISM FOR HOMOSEXUALS," his British compatriots attacked him and tore up the placard. However, the day was more happily dominated by the Closing Ceremony at which 750,000 participated. Gunther Jahn, First Secretary of the Free German Youth's Central Council, said: "You can always count on the youth of the German Democratic Republic, who are educated in the spirit of proletarian internationalism."

When I think of Germany in the night
Then I am troubled in my sleep.
I can't keep my eyes shut tight
And prevent the tears from flowing.

So wrote Heinrich Heine. And what better standard to judge his "bourgeois" and "nihilist" verse than this Festival? It was nothing if not lavish—25,646 foreigners from 140 countries taking part and 520,000 members of the Free German Youth, Young Pioneers, and athletes from the GDR; a total of 1,542 political, cultural, and sporting events attended by over five million people, according to the figures given by the organizers. The delegates from the emergent nations were financed entirely; those from Western countries paid only for their transport to and from Berlin, the GDR paid for everything else. They were said to have budgeted for a deficit of $19 million.

They told us they had no woman problem, no unemployment problem, no problems with unions, no crime problem, no youth problem. "Everybody," claimed Erich Honecker, "has a feeling that Berlin is an openminded city, where the visitor's mind is captured by the vitality, humanity, and freedom of Socialism." "Thirty-five years ago they wore brown shirts," said one listener. □

BURNHAM

(Continued from page 989)

ting blacks to a full share in the money and power of the school system's administrative and teaching setup.

Several persons with whom I have discussed these impressions have said: If integration takes place in the important economic and political institutions, then in time it "is bound to" be extended throughout social life. This is what everyone, whether for or against integration, used to believe; it was the expectation of the Supreme Court when it tried to initiate through the schools an irrevocable evolution into total integration.

This conception was a derivative of the Melting Pot ideology, which was in turn a throwoff of this country's era of energetic, WASP-based nationalism. But, as Daniel P. Moynihan and Nathan Glazer have explained, America has moved Beyond the Melting Pot. As we shift from integrating nationalism into imperial cosmopolitanism, even the ethnic and religious groups that had been largely melted down rediscover and reassert their special identities, for man cannot live by bureaucratic abstractions alone. The never-melted blacks may be going to skip a historical stage, as Trotsky might have put it. Could it be that the South is in the lead now, foreshadowing more accurately than the courts and ideologues the mode in which the races are going to come to terms? □

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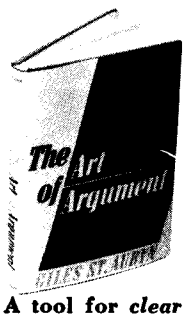

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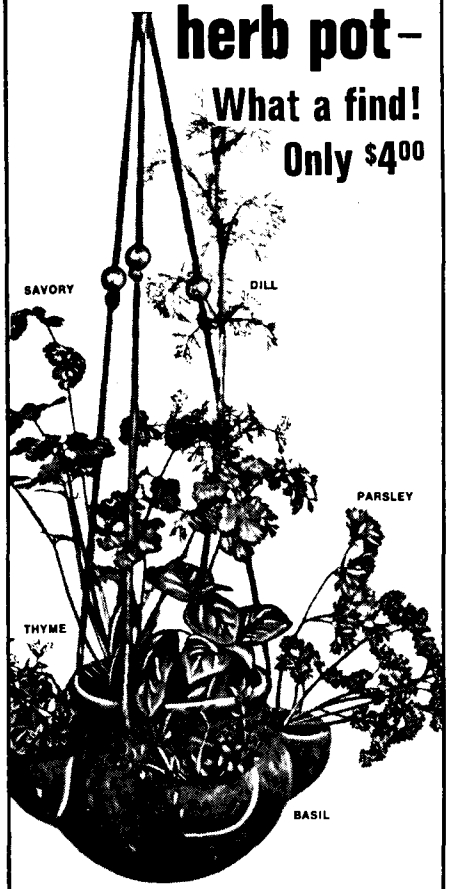

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Mocking the Gods

On The Right

New York, Aug. 27—I have now, for the first time, the feeling that Watergate is going to blow over. Of course one needs to hedge: If the tapes show that Nixon conspired to assassinate Jack Anderson or whatever, the bets are off. But I detect the kind of acrimony that characterizes the losing side: the losing side, in this case, being those who wished to see Watergate unfold in such a way as to bury Nixon for good and all. It is hard to single out the worst offender, but it is hard to beat my eloquent friend Hugh Sidey, writing in the current issue of *Time* Magazine, comparing the Administration of Nixon with that of his predecessors.

For Sidey, the White House is a sort of continuing fountain of political good and spiritual exaltation. It is as if the Council of Trent the Congress of Vienna and Vatican II met simultaneously and forever: until Nixon. The White House, says Sidey, "has been the creative center for our way of life." Under FDR people took "profound satisfaction" from it, exalted by every "new surge of creation."

Under Truman there was "ferment and achievement."

Under Eisenhower there was "the same joyous service."

Under Kennedy it was a place of "misty memories." For instance there was Walter Heller—"a kind of economic Ichabod, loping happily through the corridors of the White House advocating the New Economics" (whatever that is).

Under Lyndon Johnson, Joe Califano "the jolly domestic czar . . . was in a state of near ecstacy helping to sculpt programs . . ."

Under Nixon, "that beautiful White House machine stopped, on the home front at least. It was turned into a private instrument of revenge and fear. Hatred replaced hope. . . . We now see from Ehrlichman's own testimony that he was busy grappling with power, covering up dirty tricks, and investigating the drinking and sexual habits of opponents. . . .

"Think what they lost—and we lost, think of the power of the Presidency that they let rust as they pursued their wretched intrigue."

Truly, we see in the words of Hugh Sidey that disposition to govern men which Michael Oakeshott singles out as the great craving of the modern liberal. But quite apart from that disabling compulsion, the suggestion that for instance FDR was less concerned to exercise power than Mr. Nixon is quite simply laughable. Or that Lyndon Johnson, who personally listened in on conversations of his subordinates, was any less wretchedly involved in intrigue is derelict history. And quite apart from the merits of John Ehrlichman's investigating the drinking and sexual habits of Nixon's opponents, I ask myself: To what use was this information put? I read quite widely, and I swear it, I know nothing more than I did in 1968 about the drinking and sexual habits of Nixon's opponents, and I didn't know very much about them then, except maybe Martin Luther King about whom there were rumors circulated not by Nixon's people but Lyndon Johnson's, loping happily through the corridors of the White House dripping FBI reports on King collected during the days of misty memory of John F. Kennedy. Either Mr. Sidey is saying that the White House showed commendable restraint in refusing to publicize reports on the drinking and sexual habits of Nixon's enemies—which is not exactly the tendency of his argument—or he is suggesting that all of Nixon's enemies are absolutely straight, alcohol-and-sexwise, in which case he has a revelation that will dwarf the Pentagon Papers.

Why don't the gentlemen hate the true offenders? The whole gang of them who make their living as arbiters elegentiae, think nothing of convening around any old forum dreamed up by Hugh Hefner, for whatever purpose. In the current issue of one of Mr. Hefner's publications he features—but let me put it as he does on the cover: "The Sex Book That Rocked Italy (And We've Got the Good Parts!)" Inside there are excerpts—taken from two miserable "investigators" who feigned the role of penitents and went about Italy asking sexual advice from priests. "What you are about to read," writes Hefner gleefully, introducing the feature, "is sacrosanct, privileged information, fresh from the Roman Catholic confessional." A society that tolerates Hefner, a society whose businesses advertise their products in his journal, has a hell of a nerve disdaining John Ehrlichman. □

TO THE RESCUE *New York*, Aug. 20—Senator William Fulbright has been severely criticized, in my opinion justly, for sitting on nominations he disapproves of, with the result, in some cases, that an appointment dies as if of attrition. Most recently Mr. Fulbright's committee made news by declining to confirm McMurtrie Godley as head of the division of Far Eastern Affairs in the State Department. It was not said in as many words, but everyone knew that Mr. Godley was being punished for carrying out his assignment as ambassador to Laos with vigor and skill. It is presumably Mr. Fulbright's position that ambassadors to Indochinese countries should have served not the President, but the Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee.

I regret that Congressman John Ashbrook, a splendid gentleman of impeccable opinion, is up to the same kind of thing, or so it would appear. He is holding up the appointment of Mr. Helmut Sonnenfeldt as Under-Secretary of the Treasury. At this point, a distinction is very much in order.

The formal charge leveled against Mr. Sonnenfeldt is that he is a security risk—not a loyalty risk, a security risk. It is charged that during the Fifties, he leaked one or more stories to the press while he was working in the State Department.

But see how the business blurs over. It happens that Mr. Sonnenfeldt was prominently involved in advancing Mr. Nixon's trips to the Soviet Union and to China, and as such became identified in the eyes of certain congressmen as a sort of flying wedge of the detente-people, who should not be encouraged by giving him the Undersecretaryship

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of the Treasury, which will be a key position in all the trade we will be getting into with Russia and China in the months and years to come.

Let us say about the security charge merely that if in fact it is established that Mr. Sonnenfeldt is unreliable, then he should pay the penalty other security risks pay.

But Mr. Ashbrook does not appear to be pressing the formal security charges very vigorously. Meanwhile, over at the Senate, the Finance Committee, under the leadership of Senators Harry Byrd and Carl Curtis, sensing that perhaps Mr. Ashbrook is on to something, are holding up confirmation under the guise of a routine courtesy paid to the other chamber.

WHAT IT comes down to, in fact—barring the documentation of the security charge—is a kind of harassment against the Nixon wing that brought off the China and Russia ventures. Concerning which harassment, two things need to be said:

1. If conservatives permit this kind of thing, how can they in the future blame Senator Fulbright for exacting mutinous compliance from appointees before they become approved? Do we really desire a Foreign Service staffed with officers who will do their jobs sluggishly against the possibility of a reversal of policy?

2. The half-dozen Americans excellently situated to know will tell you—and I hope Mr. Ashbrook will in due course seek them out—that Mr. Sonnenfeldt is in fact a brilliant asset to those in the government who want to bargain with the Soviet Union and to get the best we can in the process. I have not met anyone who has worked side by side with him who thinks him less than a huge asset sitting opposite the table from a Communist agent.

Mr. Sonnenfeldt was born in Germany and went to school there, and when he discovered that in the late Fifties his telephone was being tapped pursuant to the charge filed against him, he would amuse himself, as young men will do and some older men, by speaking in rapid German to a friend in the State Department. Never mind that the friend in question has been the spinal column of the anti-Communists there for a generation—the security officials evidently took great offense at Sonnenfeldt's using a foreign language in faithful obstruction of their mission, instead of meditating on whom he was talking to, and why. If someone from the State Department were to call J. Edgar Hoover and talk to him only in Pig Latin, surely the primary entry in the bugger's log should be not that he spoke in Pig Latin, but that he called J. Edgar Hoover?

One can only hope that without transforming Mr. Sonnenfeldt into an undesirable government official on the ground that he is too hawkish, the conservative gentlemen in both Houses will ease up and let the nomination go through. □

ON OUR LEISURE TIME

New York, Aug. 17—Speaking of the leisurely month of August, I have here a report issued by Andresen and Company of New York, who do research on securities. They have gathered together from various sources, including CBS and the Department of Commerce, engrossing figures on how Americans spend their leisure time. Unfortunately some of the analysis is inscrutable, being written in non-English ("Table 3 demonstrates the share these activities have of the total resources allocated to spectator activities in the United States"—that kind of thing); but the salient data are absolutely lucid, and they are these: that almost 80 per cent of the leisure time of the average American is spent either watching television (45 per cent) or listening to the radio (34 per cent).

Andresen and Company puts this in perspective. "The average working adult American spends approximately one-third of his (her) [their "(her)"] life sleeping. Of his 113 waking hours per week, he spends about 38 hours working and 25 hours eating, dressing, and commuting to and from work. This leaves fifty hours for leisure"—of which, as we have noted, four-fifths is devoted to broadcasting.

How do other recreational activities fare? Newspaper reading takes 8 per cent of leisure time. Those who jump to the conclusion that therefore radio and television are ten times as preoccupying as the newspapers should reflect on the principal differences between the two industries. Radio and television are on 24 hours a day, whereas even the *New York Times* can be pretty well exhausted in a single hour, a reciprocal engagement.

After newspaper reading, in the American appetite, comes magazine reading, to which we devote 6 per cent of our weekly fifty hours of leisure, or an average of three hours per week. Then comes, way down at 2.6 per cent, listening to records and tapes. Then another huge jump for movies (0.4 per cent) followed forlornly by book reading which is 0.2 per cent—or an average of six minutes per week or an average of five hours per year. Half as much time as is given to reading books is given to witnessing (other than on television) sports events, attending plays, and listening to concerts.

Up against these dispositions, Andresen juxtaposes the cost, or more precisely the apparent cost. The man who watches television and listens to radio is of course paying the cost of the subsidy of this industry by advertising. But he would pay that cost anyway. Whether he watches television or not, he will pay for a can of Campbell's Tomato Soup the price that reflects Campbell's subsidy of *Mission: Impossible*, or whatever Campbell's Tomato Soup subsidizes. So that the real cost to the television viewer is rather accurately measured by the cost of amortizing his set and paying the electrical bill.

THE COST per hour for listening to radio comes to 1 cent or less.

The cost per hour of watching television comes to about 3 cents.

The cost per hour of reading newspapers or magazines or listening to records comes to about 17 cents.

The cost of reading paperback books is 75 cents per hour (obviously there is a huge variable depending on reading speed, it being an interesting paradox that the slower you read the cheaper it is to buy books).

The cost of reading hard-cover books averages (they claim) $3 per hour.

I do not know what one should choose to make of these figures, except that every day, in every way, the case strengthens for pay television. Radio is surprisingly popular and one reason for it is that in the larger cities radio can economically satisfy minority tastes. Television cannot, which was the reason for the rise of public television after the defeat of pay television in that access of Luddite demagogy that overtook California in 1964. Meanwhile there is nothing left for it but to resign oneself to the magnitude of the broadcasting enterprise, and to see everywhere the opportunity to diversify the uses of it to serve individual tastes. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. An account difficult to believe, such as Dean's — 39 125 66 105 145 160 38 180

B. One of Nixon's former aides — 58 41 67 92 127 27 106 153

C. One who makes or sells eyeglasses — 94 85 154 25 70 1 108 167

D. A former member of Nixon's cabinet — 4 183 129 75 201 28 3 46

E. Reach — 8 200 206 155 30 164

F. What a blooper on the radio might be called — 55 42 43 60 62 95 112 132 149 166 / 195 6

G. A former senator from the Middle West — 83 133 140 96 156

H. Something fabricated as a false statement — 128 138 165 7 11 134 157 16 197

I. One of Dumas' characters — 29 36 44 49 52 93 99 5 170

J. Desire for one's own demise or for someone else's — 162 147 87 168 204 119 53 61 208

K. The empire of Croesus — 2 19 100 65 104

L. One of Nixon's former aides — 15 40 71 86 139 151 178 26 50 143

M. Inferior or unimportant — 88 203 10 182 74 172

N. A swamp in Georgia — 144 23 33 12 76 137 158 191 202 207

O. A prison in London torn down in 1902 — 91 64 107 51 98 32 47

P. Walter Scott's residence from 1812 to 1832 — 152 9 20 174 177 198 17 175 123 63

Q. Tarzan's name in the House of Lords — 171 187 89 111 68 199 21 80 181

R. The primal chaos before Creation — 193 110 109 97 101

S. Material or equipment for carrying on any undertaking — 18 210 159 13 185 72 22 54

T. The sons of the Seven against Thebes — 45 82 169 114 190 161 205

U. To give proof or evidence of — 69 56 116 103 211 184

V. The principal Indonesian language of the Philippines — 102 90 141 117 34 189 194

W. Unscramble CITE ALI — 79 163 37 196 120 57 212

X. A sordid business that involved Rauh, Fritchey, and the *Washington Post* — 115 81 124 146 150 192 31 48 73 78 / 130 176

Y. A dormer having a roof which is an upwardly curved continuation of the main roof plane — 122 35 186 188 14 209 173

Z. A province of ancient Persia — 131 59 121 179 142 135 84

a. A pitch which Ted Williams didn't have to worry about — 24 77 113 118 126 136 148

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1012 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

■	1 C	2 K	3 D	■	4 D	5 I	6 F	7 H	■	8 E	■	9 P	10 M	11 H	12 N	13 S	14 Y	15 L	■
16 H	17 P	■	18 S	19 K	■	20 P	21 Q	22 S	23 N	24 a	■	25 C	26 L	27 B	28 D	29 I	30 E	31 X	32 O
33 N	34 V	35 Y	■	36 I	37 W	38 A	■	39 A	40 L	41 B	42 F	■	43 F	44 I	45 T	■	46 D	47 O	48 X
49 I	■	50 L	51 O	52 I	53 J	54 S	55 F	56 U	■	57 W	58 B	59 Z	60 F	■	61 J	62 F	63 P	64 O	■
65 K	66 A	67 B	■	68 Q	69 U	70 C	71 L	72 S	73 X	74 M	75 D	76 N	■	77 a	78 X	79 W	80 Q	■	81 X
82 T	■	83 G	84 Z	■	85 C	86 L	87 J	88 M	89 Q	■	90 V	91 O	92 B	■	93 I	94 C	95 F	96 G	97 R
■	98 O	99 I	100K	■	101R	102V	103U	104K	105A	■	106B	107O	108C	109R	■	110R	111Q	■	112F
113a	114T	115X	116U	■	117V	118a	■	119J	120W	121Z	122Y	123P	124X	125A	126a	127B	■	128H	129D
■	130X	131Z	■	132F	133G	134H	■	135Z	136a	137N	138H	139L	140G	141V	■	142Z	143L	144N	145A
146X	147J	148a	■	149F	150X	151L	152P	153B	154C	155E	156G	157H	158N	159S	■	160A	161T	162J	■
163W	164L	165H	166F	167C	168J	169T	170I	171Q	■	172M	173Y	174P	■	175P	176X	■	177P	178L	179Z
180A	181Q	■	182N	183D	184U	185S	186Y	187Q	■	188Y	189V	190T	191N	192X	■	193R	194V	195F	196W
197H	198P	199Q	■	200E	201 D	202N	■	203M	204J	205T	206E	207N	■	208J	209Y	210S	211U	212W	■

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San Franciscan Hotel chooses Milliken carpet for good looks, good value, good delivery.

The charm of old San Francisco has always been reflected in this distinguished, PSA-owned hotel. Retaining that charming, homelike atmosphere was the chief concern of a recent redecorating project.

"We wanted the glowing look of an Axminster pattern in quality carpet at a practical price. And we needed it fast," says J. Free, PSA Director of Building and Maintenance. "Fortunately, we found the answer in the Milliken line."

That answer was a brilliant, jewel-toned pattern from Milliken's Palace Lights collection. The pattern: "Westminster" in a special coloration. With pile of 100% continuous filament nylon, the carpet has the high degree of durability and easy maintenance Milliken demands. Some 13,000 square yards of it now decorate the San Franciscan Hotel.

For complete information on the Palace Lights collection and all Milliken contract carpet systems, call or write: Deering Milliken, Inc., Contract Carpet Manager, LaGrange, Georgia 30240. (404) 883-5511.

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Vivian and Elmer Johnson, owners of Vivian's Famous Bar-B-Ques in the Watts section of Los Angeles. Their restaurant was financed by a minority bank.

Why Exxon banks in the ghetto.

Because the money deposited in minority banks helps finance a lot of important things. Like new and renovated housing, small business loans and various improvements in the community.

But first, maybe we should explain exactly what a minority bank is. It's a bank, usually full service, owned and run by members of a minority group and located in a minority area. These banks are the same as every other bank you deal with. They're FDIC insured and they operate under the same state and federal regulations and they pay the same interest as other banks.

Except they strive to keep the money circulating *inside* the inner city where it works for the inner city people. And maybe more important, they speak the right language—whether it's "Soul" or Spanish—to people who might never have had much opportunity to talk to a banker before.

But money can be hard to come by in the inner city and we urge other businesses to help minority banks with regular deposits. Because sometimes it's nice to build things—besides interest.

EXXON

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